

THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE IMPERIAL CONFERENCE

THE Imperial Conference just held at London has stimulated public discussion of the relation of the Dominions to the Empire — or 'British Commonwealth of Nations,' as leaders of outlying States are fond of saying. The status of the Dominions in relation to Great Britain has never been exactly defined; indeed, it would not accord with British political instinct to bring them within the hard and fast confines of a formal definition. In 1887 the first Colonial Conference was summoned. Ten years later the Colonial Conference became the Imperial Conference. To-day the Dominions appear as copartners of equal status at the Conference. Mr. Bonar Law asserted not long ago that if a Dominion cared to separate itself from the Empire, Great Britain would not try to prevent such action by force. And yet it would be a bold inference to conclude that the ties that bind together the Commonwealths under the British flag are weaker than they were a quarter of a century ago.

In the British public mind, at least, urgent economic problems appear to have subordinated questions of political theory and intra-Imperial relationships. At the Empire Economic Conference, associated with the Im-

perial Conference, there was some evidence that the demand for a protective tariff is growing in Great Britain, though we have no measure as yet of its absolute strength. Even the textile workers in the Lancashire and Yorkshire woolen and worsted industry, who have hitherto been stout Free Traders, are said to have become receptive to proposals for investigating the effect of a woolen tariff on unemployment, although their leaders are still skeptical as to its efficacy. The Tory *Morning Post* is publishing a series of articles championing protection for British industries. This subject was before the Economic Conference in the form of preferential duties upon British goods imported into the Dominions, and upon Colonial productions imported into Great Britain.

Australia and New Zealand are more favorably inclined toward the policy of encouraging intra-Empire trade and Imperial self-sufficiency by reciprocal tariff arrangements than is Canada, whose Premier, Mr. Mackenzie King, is a Free Trader and desires no constitutional changes that look toward tightening the bonds of Empire — economic or otherwise — at the cost of Dominion autonomy. If the Australasian proposal for reciprocal tariff fails, there is likely to be a strong

plea for subsidized communications that will give intra-Empire trade at least the advantage of lower freights at the cost of the taxpayers. Emigration also occupied a large place in these discussions. The London *Daily Telegraph* observes:—

Mr. Massey, the veteran Prime Minister of New Zealand, put the matter in an arresting sentence: 'Emigration and Preference go together whatever form they take, and there are many forms of Preference.' The more carefully that tersely expressed dictum is examined the more its truth must be realized. Everyone who leaves our shores to seek a home in the Dominions becomes an overseas customer for our goods. That is a statement that rests on solid statistical foundations. As a result of that movement empty spaces in the Empire are being settled, and undeveloped resources are being exploited, and the pioneers send back to us orders for many kinds of things which they require. And so the Conference has assembled in London, as the President of the Board of Trade has explained, to consider schemes of settlement, Imperial development, financial co-operation, and mutually profitable trading, and to inquire whether further means can be concerted for making the Empire, already united by many bonds, united also, in large measure, economically.

A contributor to *The Nation and the Athenaeum*—presumably an Australian—points out the existence of 'a kind of conspiracy' in the British press 'to gloss over any expression of opinion in the Commonwealth—that is, Australia—which is not entirely flattering to Great Britain,' and asserts that the average Australian regards all Imperial Conferences 'with more suspicion than enthusiasm. . . . His attitude to the Imperial Conference is quite different from that of the thinking Englishman. His first thought is not: How can the Conference benefit the Empire? but: Can Australia get any benefit? And second: What is Downing

Street trying to get out of us?' He adds that the idea of a Pacific League of Nations, which the Commonwealth Premier suggested in a speech on the eve of his departure for the Conference, is far more likely to appeal to Australian opinion than any attempt to coördinate the foreign policy of the Empire.

The Dublin *Weekly Freeman* congratulates its readers upon the welcome the Free State received both when it joined the League and when its delegates appeared before the Imperial Conference.

Mr. Baldwin made it clear that in the Conference, too, equality of status and rights exist. On no other basis could the Conference have been assembled. No Dominion can bind any other there; each remains mistress of her own decisions; common action can be reached only by common agreement. In protecting the interests of Ireland by their presence in the Conference, therefore, the delegates of Ireland accept no subordination and sacrifice none of their freedom of action.

Incidentally, though this has no relation to intra-Imperial politics, Mr. Baldwin seems to be losing ground as a political leader. Criticisms range all the way from damning with faint praise to such assertions as that in the London *Outlook*, which says of the present Cabinet: 'We must at least look back many generations to discover another equally pitiable spectacle.' The sensational press continues to attack Mr. Baldwin's 'disastrous settlement of the American debt.' A leader from the *Sunday Express*—which, by the way, is untruthful in its statement of America's attitude—is typical of these attacks:—

The Baldwin settlement imposed a permanent tax upon the people of Great Britain of one pound per annum for every man, woman, and child for the next two or three generations. The Baldwin tax will fall upon

millions of children yet to be born. . . . It was absolutely unnecessary, as indeed Mr. Bonar Law's opposition showed clearly at the time Mr. Baldwin forced the settlement upon the British Government by engaging in publicity before consulting his Ministerial colleagues.

Finally, Mr. Baldwin, by his settlement of the American debt, threw away the only remaining lever in the hands of Britain which could have been employed to persuade France to make a settlement in Europe in return for a remission of part of her debts to Britain and to the United States. These debts could have been used to bring about a permanent agreed peace in Europe. France was ready to agree to the Lloyd George-Bonar Law policy. Mr. Baldwin threw German Reparations back into the furnace, sacrificed the remissions which America was prepared to make in respect of our debt to her, and paved the way for the repudiation of France's debt to us. We pay everything to America. France pays us nothing. And Europe still welters in chaos.



GERMANY'S DICTATORS

DICTATORSHIP and creed do not run along parallel lines in Germany. Dr. Gessler, a Würtemberg Catholic, is exercising at least a technical dictatorship in Protestant Berlin, while Dr. Gustav von Kahr, 'a Protestant of the most Orthodox type,' is master of Catholic Bavaria, where he has the sympathy and support of the Clerical Separatists.

Bavarian Monarchs are reported to be divided between champions of the Bavarian Royal House, who support Prince Rupprecht and are usually tagged with the name of the Bavarian national colors as the 'White and Blues,' and adherents of the Hohenzollerns, who are headed by Ludendorff and known as the 'Black, White, and Reds.' Crown Prince Rupprecht has been studiously moderate in his public pronouncements and for the most part has avoided appearing too

conspicuously in the public eye. He has appealed for support to the Bavarian People's Party, which favors a constitutional monarchy.

Dr. von Kahr, who may remain on the surface of Germany's political whirlpool for a little time to come, is described as 'an undersized man, in a black frock-coat, with a decidedly Slavic or Tatar countenance, though he feels himself the standard-bearer of all branches of the German race. The sleepy, worried expression he ordinarily wears disguises a resolute, persistent energy that drives relentlessly toward its goal. His personal honesty, his German patriotism, and his deep piety are unquestioned. Three years ago, when he became Premier, he refused to accept any salary whatsoever.'

In the eyes of Social-Democratic *Vorwärts*, the Munich dictator appears in a somewhat different — though not entirely discordant — light: 'A narrow fanatic, whom dangerous friends have filled with faith in his mission to lead Germany in her decisive battle between the Christian German spirit and the international Jewish spirit.'

Adolf Hitler and his Fascist followers lay even more stress upon their anti-Semitic sympathies and programme. Hitler is an Austrian whose political objects are somewhat vague. Although he is supposed to train with Ludendorff, it is not impossible that he will eventually join forces with Kahr, whose star is now in the ascendancy, since the two leaders sympathize in their antagonisms if not in their affections.



FASCIST ACHIEVEMENTS AND DISCORDS

JULES SAUERWEIN, who, despite his semi-Teutonic name, is a Nationalist press writer of prominence in France, prints a eulogy of Mussolini's régime in a late issue of *Le Matin*. Among the

dictator's achievements he recounts the following:—

He has discharged many officials. Of the 250,000 railway employees he has dismissed 50,000 already, and 15,000 more are to go within a few days. Evidently these 65,000 men, who have been selected so far as possible from peasants who own a little land, are not enthusiastic for the present Government, but those who stay are working regularly, are better paid, and are not complaining.

The old Cabinet had fifteen members. The new one has only nine. Communists, and other preachers of a class struggle, are dealt with harshly, but the working classes are about to get the eight-hour day, which they were not able to put into effect before. There is much talk of the embarrassments of the Fascisti in Europe, but, according to this correspondent, the disaffected elements in Italy itself are not important.

However, harmony does not prevail in the Fascist camp, where there is a Moderate and a Radical group, each of which has tried to excommunicate the other. Mussolini's personal influence seems to have availed to give the Moderates at least a temporary victory, and the Radical Central Executive Committee has resigned. The recent revival of white-hot Nationalism in connection with the Corfu incident favored the Radicals, who included, according to *Corriere della Sera*, 'practically all the more influential members of the Committee.' That journal therefore observes that the present dissensions are really between the Fascist chief and his principal lieutenants. Yet the latter in their letter of resignation continue to profess 'the immutable loyalty and devotion of the entire Party to its chief.'

These professions are to be taken with a grain of salt. Signor Farinacci, the fierce Cremona *Ras*, which is

the title of an Abyssinian chief used in Italy, as *cacique* is in Spain, for a political boss, writes in a violent editorial, 'We are in full dictatorship,' and declares that Mussolini is under influences which are 'against the spirit of Fascismo.' He attacks the Roman Fascisti as being backed 'by a formidable journalistic trust and banks and big financial interests hostile to the pure Fascismo of the thousand Black Shirts of the provinces.' He foresees a bitter struggle between 'Mussolinism and Fascism,' and concludes by saying that, if the former wins, its lease of power will be a brief one.

Quite naturally, Mussolini has forbidden further discussion of the crisis in the Italian press. The London *Times* summarizes the elements of this quarrel as follows:—

From the beginning Fascismo included a section to whom revolution is an end in itself and a majority who looked upon revolution as a weapon for the enforcement of vital reforms. The revolutionists were of many kinds. There were sincere fanatics in their ranks, who honestly believed that only the continuous resort to violence could purify the political and the social life of the country. But beside them were men as self-seeking and corrupt as any they sought to dispossess — the *Rasses*, the corner boys and the village ruffians, whose instincts are for tyranny and for loot. 'To the victors the spoils' is the firm faith of both. Having won power, they consider that the Fascisti should enjoy without restraint all good things that power brings. . . .

Intelligent men know that the pyramid of State and of social order cannot long stand upon its head. They desire an early return to constitutional government — the earliest return compatible with order and with safety. They welcomed the dictatorship of Signor Mussolini, not as a good in itself, but as the only efficacious barrier against impending anarchy. They are profoundly grateful to him for the services he has done; they share the universal admiration of his great qualities; they believe in the purity of

his patriotism, in his firmness, his moderation, and his self-control. They believe his retention of his actual powers to be indispensable for the present, and in that belief they will confidently hearken to his counsels and obey his commands. But they do not wish to see either 'Fascismo' or dictatorship established as permanent institutions.



CONDITIONS IN SPAIN

WHILE it is difficult to appraise the situation in Spain, either from the Spanish press, which is strictly censored, or from press dispatches from that country, which are probably accommodated to the exigencies of the present political control, the new masters seem to have set to work with a will to reform certain abuses, especially in civil administration and the army. Stern measures have been taken to suppress Separatist agitation, which has hitherto had practically a free hand. It is made a crime to hoist any flag that is not Spanish over a building that is not owned or occupied by representatives of a foreign Government. A person attending a clandestine Separatist meeting is subject to a penalty of from three to six years' imprisonment, and a fine of from 1000 to 3000 pesetas. While the Spanish people have no great liking for generals, they seem to welcome any agency that will restore efficiency to the government. As a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* points out:—

The present military movement must in no sense be confounded with Fascism. The Fascisti have achieved efficiency at home in all branches of public life; but they have done so through stirring the imagination of the populace by an imperialist policy abroad. General Primo de Rivera is beginning at the other end.

A correspondent of the London *Outlook*, which is as decidedly opposed to dictatorships as is the Liberal

Manchester Guardian, cautions the readers of that journal against the illusion that the Spaniards are 'an excitable, quarrelsome people, always anxious to make disturbances.' He declares, quite truthfully, that they are, upon the whole, as peaceful and law-abiding as the British. Had they not been so, they would not have borne patiently the indescribable abuses from which they have suffered.

How real are the grievances of the peasants against the system of government hitherto prevailing may be gauged from a couple of incidents which I will relate.

Among the soldiers assassinated after capitulating and laying down their arms at Monte Arruit was a young artilleryman from the village in which I live. He had married at nineteen, hoping to escape conscription when he was twenty, but he drew a low number and went to Cordoba to 'serve the King' in the spring of 1921. There he sold himself for £10 to a comrade ordered to Melilla, going to Africa in his place and meeting with death at Monte Arruit. I should observe that he wanted the £10 for his wife and babe of a month old, who, when his wage as a field-laborer was cut off, were left destitute.

The widow of the artilleryman had a right to a pension, small indeed, but at least enough to buy daily bread for herself and her child. To this day she has not received one penny either of her pension or of her husband's back pay, although she was officially informed many months ago that both were conceded. Neither has her brother, an ex-prisoner, received his back pay for his eighteen months in captivity, except such small portion as enabled him to buy necessary clothes to come home in from Melilla.

Be it observed that all army payments and army pensions have hitherto been dependent on the good-will of civilian governments, who have been directly responsible for this cynical disregard of the elementary rights of the rank and file. And every man, woman, and child in our village, and in all the thousands of villages where like inequities have been suffered, knows that the

Government, not the army, is to blame for leaving the families of conscripts who have died for their flag to starve or beg in the streets while Ministers have grown ever richer and richer on the 'emoluments' of office. Is it known in England that every Minister who has held office in Spain, were it but, as in one historical instance, for a single day, henceforth draws a life pension from the Treasury?

Under these circumstances, it is not altogether surprising that even the Liberals, who are probably the sincerest champions of parliamentary government in Spain, appear to be friendly to the new régime.



Liberalism to the Directory: 'If you'll be kind of good to me, I may lead you to victory.'—
BAGARÍA in *El Sol*, Madrid.

L'Humanité prints an interview with a Barcelona Communist upon the recent *coup d'état militaire*, which, despite its party bias, may help to correct official versions of conditions. He declares, quite contrary to other reports, that the object of the present leaders is to push the war in Morocco. Spain's standing army numbers 300,000 men, of whom 25,000 are officers—or one officer for every twelve privates. Some occupation

must be found for this large force in order to justify its heavy cost. Morocco affords that justification. In other words, the military have seized power to save their jobs.

There is no doubt, in the opinion of this informant, that the French are aiding the revolting tribes. France wants no European neighbors in Morocco, and powerful French industrial groups are as eager to get control of the rich mines in the Spanish territories as they are to control the collieries in the Ruhr. No weight is to be attached to General Primo de Rivera's pretended opposition to the Morocco campaign. He has criticized its management, but that is all. He is a brave man, not overblessed with intellect, and the tool of the Catalonian manufacturers. The King was certainly a party to the overthrow, and was advised beforehand when and how it was to occur.

MINOR NOTES

In spite of the undoubtedly distress in Germany, infant mortality is decreasing. Taking the figures for 1913 as 100, the deaths among children during 1921 were in percentages as follows: under one year of age, 89; between one and two years of age, 86; between two and three years of age, 82; between three and four years of age, 82; and between four and five years of age, 84.

At a recent meeting of the British Cotton-Growing Association in Manchester, the Governor-General of the Sudan reported that when irrigation work and railway construction now under way are completed the expansion of cotton-growing in the Sudan will be remarkable. This year's crop will be double that of last year, and within fifteen years the Sudan will probably produce 1,000,000 bales.

THE LEAGUE IN A CRISIS

BY ARNOLD HÖLLRIEGEL

[*The caricatures are by Alois Derso, from the Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning, and 'Clicht,' the clever caricaturist of L'Europe Nouvelle.*]

From the *Berliner Tageblatt*, September 11-15
(LIBERAL DAILY)

People who live in glass houses should not throw stones

Wednesday, September 5, 11 A.M.— The Council of the League of Nations meets to deliberate on important matters, in the great glazed verandah that was once the dining-room of the National Hotel. Beyond, on the other shore of the Lake, in the great shed where the League Assembly has convened, the individual is lost in the multitude. Here, in the Council Chamber, which is no Council Chamber, but a glass house, transparent on every side, filled with the golden light of sunny September, everything is near by and visible. There is a big four-cornered green-covered table for the members of the Council. Around them, close at hand, journalists and visitors, including naturally the ladies, are sitting or standing. Outside the glass house, in the former hotel garden, are still other people pressing their noses against the panes. Farther away, beyond the blue lake, Mont Blanc lifts his white head on high, and likewise peers into the glass house in the former garden of the former National Hotel, which is now the palace of a world government.

Surely no mysteries are possible in this transparent publicity. We are to be shown on the spot whether this League of Nations is a farce or a hope. The Council is to decide if the occupation of Corfu falls under the jurisdiction of the League.

The journalists, who puff manfully away at their short pipes, now and then shift their positions to allow one of the carelessly dressed gentlemen who are to decide this trifle to pass.

There is fat Baron Rio Branco, with the strongest and blackest Brazilian cigar that his country ever produced.



BARON RIO BRANCO

There is Hjalmar Branting, with his gray lion's mane and drill sergeant's moustache. He is the only Socialist

Labor leader who has made his way to the Council of the League. He wears his more than sixty years lightly. The lion's-man effect of his shortish hair, brushed back, is produced by his high, square forehead and bushy brows. His eyes are unusually shrewd, but his nose is stumpy, unsymmetrical, and red. He vaguely suggests Jaurès. These lion-maned, hairy fellows please the masses. He looks like a man who could pound a desk with his fist, and roar like the King of Beasts. But when he opens his mouth he speaks hesitatingly, prudently, gently. Never did a lion roar so softly. His eyes seek the desk in front of him. His voice quavers slightly, as if a sick man were speaking. . . . Had he thundered and threatened, he would never be where he is to-day. But still his soft voice is full of resolution. With his head bowed he speaks through his limp moustache coolly, prudently, and straight to the point.



BRANTING

There is the Frenchman Hanataux, in a Vandyke beard, very much at home. There are a yellow Chinaman, a Spaniard, a Belgian, and last of all President Ishii, who is to open the session — a wise, old, shrewd-featured Japanese.



VISCOUNT ISHII

They all collect at one end of the table, where a little, thick-set, gray-faced *bon vivant*, with a thin circle of silver hair around his brownish bald pate and puffy bags under his experienced eyes, is talking to a handsome, youthful gentleman in glasses, who looks like a young lawyer. The old man is Mario Salandra, the happiest, healthiest, cheeruest old scamp in Europe. After each verbal thrust he smiles from ear to ear, and a crest of snow-white teeth breaks through his hale and tawny countenance. He is invariably



SALANDRA

courteous, charming, flattering, and yet the man he addresses may feel as if he had been struck in the face. No one can express malicious, cynical brutalities in a more engaging and polished manner, and no one is more delighted at their effect.

The young man is the Greek, Politis, and they are conversing pleasantly and cordially with each other. The Italian speaks with both hands, and everyone in the room knows what the hands are saying: 'I beg you, my dear colleague, I, personally!'



POLARIS

Charming, comforting gestures! Whatever Italy may have done, Salandra is talking kindly to the Greek. Yes, that is just what he is doing.

There is a moment's silence. The gentlemen of the Council take their seats. Immediately Signor Salandra rises to speak.

But what has happened? Not a trace now of gentleness and courtesy. The face of the old diplomat has become a wax mask, and he speaks harshly and decisively the sentences he has been instructed to say, that were brought him last evening from Rome by his colleague, Giurati. Italy refuses the intervention of the League. What

has the League of Nations to do with the occupation of Corfu? Nothing! That is final, says Salandra. Everybody in the hall breathes hard. Everybody has read Mussolini's interview in the *Daily Mail*, to the effect that Italy will, if necessary, resign from the League, but she will not yield to it.

Now Politis. He speaks earnestly, without pathos. I should like to have him for my lawyer. Greece is not like that; Greece does not act thus, he says. She submits to the League. She sticks to the Pact. Articles XII and XV of this Pact say plainly . . .

Hitherto all have spoken French. Somebody on the left side interrupts abruptly in a sharp English voice: 'I request that Articles XII and XV of the Pact be read.'

While one of the secretaries reads the articles loudly and distinctly in both languages, the gentleman who has just spoken lifts his powerful head. A great Adam's apple emerges from between the two flaps of his collar. The face above is remarkably long, and vaguely suggests the countenance of Gerhart Hauptmann, only that the nose is very large and powerful. His forehead loses itself in the bald expanse above it. Sharp wrinkles run from the edges of the nostrils across his unshaven upper lip. It is almost the face of an artist.



LORD ROBERT CECIL

This gentleman has a habit of sticking one finger, or sometimes all five fingers, between his magnificent teeth. Naughty children, do not take him for a model. You must not do so, but this gentleman may do anything. He is a Cecil — Lord Robert Cecil of the House of Salisbury.

The secretary reads the articles in question, and seats himself. Everybody breathes heavily. Everybody knows that this is the great test. If this conflict on the coast of Epirus is not settled by the League of Nations, what does the League amount to?

Now Lord Robert Cecil utters a single, short sentence. This well-groomed gentleman in black is the mouthpiece of ten Kingdoms and Dominions. His voice is the voice of Britain speaking to the world. He says: 'I have asked to have these articles read because they are unquestionably the corner stone of a new Europe, and to make them a dead letter would shatter that corner stone.'

Only this one sentence. Immediately further discussion of the question is deferred to the next day. The journalists hasten off to telegraph. Messieurs Skirmunt and Benesch talk to an empty room about protection for minorities.

The journalists run and telegraph. The debate on Corfu has not lasted ten minutes, but Great Britain has spoken through the mouth of Lord Robert Cecil. She does not wish the men in the glass house at Geneva to throw stones.

To-morrow, then, the world is to know whether the glass is to be broken or not.

Monday, September 10, 10 A.M. — To-day, after several days as clear as silver, the hot mist of the sirocco lies over the town and the lake. Nervous people like myself are irritable and distressed. I woke up with a headache,

and praying that to-day no incidents, no controversies, might occur.

There is a practice that to my mind detracts much from the value of such congresses as the League Assembly. Each delegate has written on his desk, 'Great Britain,' or 'Hungary,' or the 'Serb-Croat-Slovene Kingdom.' When a man speaks, the newspapers report: 'England's standpoint' is . . . or 'Hungary can never tolerate . . .' But the truth is that the gentleman at the desk is not Great Britain but Mr. So-and-So, and his next-door neighbor is another Signor So-and-So — both of them weak, human mortals who get irritable when the sirocco blows and belligerent after losing a night's sleep.

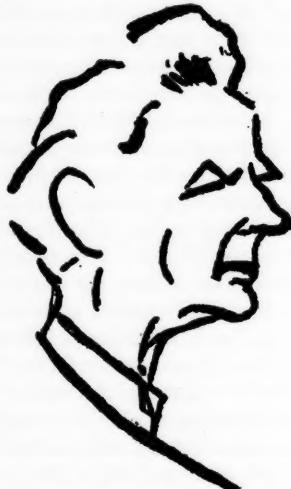
12 M. — Fourth plenary session of the League Assembly in Reformation Hall. Order of the day: the Free State of Ireland will be received into the Community of Nations. It was arranged beforehand that she was to be received, and to-day has been set for the heroic-sentimental act. Herr Meierovicz ascends the tribune — never make the mistake of calling it a rostrum — and puts the question: 'Are we ready to receive the Free State of Ireland?' The Cuban presiding officer, amiably emotional, asks: 'Shall we ballot on the question?' Now, South Africa, what do you say?

The manly voice of the Boer General, Jan Christian Smuts, answers from the body of the hall, 'Yes.' The Albanian diplomat, Midhat Frasheri, shouts, 'Oui.' Australia says, 'Yes,' Austria, 'Yes, oui,' and yeses and ouis follow from fifty-two nations in quick succession, the last with a note of jubilation. Thereupon the Cuban presiding officer announces: 'I invite the gentlemen delegates of the Irish Free State to take their place among us.'

Fifty-two nations cheer loudly. Three gentlemen enter the hall. Three gentlemen take their seats, in the

midst of thunderous applause from the gallery, at a desk marked with a card bearing the word 'Ireland.' It is between India and Italy.

The President of the Irish Executive Committee, Mr. Cosgrave, ascends the tribune to deliver his speech of thanks. No, on this occasion he is not called Cosgrave. He has another name, in Gaelic — Liam P. MacCesgair. From his mouth reborn Ireland speaks her first word to the nations — in Gaelic. The President begins in the gutteral tongue of the Celts, who have almost forgotten their own language. Then he continues in English. Ireland is again a nation.



LIAM P. MACCESGAIR

1.30 P.M. — I leave my pension by Mont Blanc Bridge for the 'Palace of Nations.' Next door the Hotel Beau Rivage is flying a thousand flags, as if in honor of some great occasion. The flag of San Salvador hangs out of one window, the banners of Yugoslavia, Cuba, Colombia, and the striped banner of the Chinese Republic are all there. Not far beyond is the steamboat-landing. A boat called the Geneva is about to depart for her regular jour-

ney down the glorious shores of the Lake.

Just twenty-five years ago, at 1.30 P.M., another steamer called the Geneva was waiting to depart. A lady came out of the Hotel Beau Rivage. A man jostled rudely against her, and she exclaimed to her companion: 'He hurt me. I think he tried to steal my watch.' The steamer whistled and began to move; but instantly there was great excitement on board. The lady had fainted.

Elizabeth von Wittelsbach, Empress of Austria and Queen of Hungary, lay bleeding on the deck. Luccheni had not thrust at her watch, but at her heart.

To-day I let my fancy dwell upon the possible effect on history had she lived. Against my better conviction I repeat: 'A woman at Franz Josef's side, although unhappy and melancholy! Might she not perhaps have staved off another tragic day?'



QUINONES DE LEON

2 P.M. — In the garden before the League of Nations Palace a film is being made. An Austrian company from Vienna has leased the exclusive

right to operate here. I arrive just as Lord Robert Cecil boyishly throws a paper ball at His Excellency, the Spanish Ambassador, Quinones de Leon. Englishmen of high rank never lose their youth. A moment later Viscount Ishii appears. The Japanese delivers a regular speech to the apparatus. 'The League of Nations is an institution that . . .' He gesticulates with dignity. Next comes Mademoiselle Helene Vacaresco of the Rumanian Delegation, famous because King Ferdinand once wanted to marry her. She must have been slimmer then. But in front of the apparatus this lady, in spite of her kilograms, acts quite girlish, and swings her lorgnette most coquettishly.

4 P.M.—In the telegraph room a



HELENE VACARESCO

Chinese colleague rushes up to me: 'Please, please! I want to ask you something . . .' But he says *flagen* instead of *fragen*. 'Excuse me,' he continues, as he detains me with his thin, yellow hand, 'Can you tell me what this Corfu means?' But he says *Colfu*.

I tell him that it is an island in the Adriatic. He bows his thanks, and hastens off to cable Shanghai.

6 P.M.—I have a long conversation with the Irish Minister of Foreign Affairs, Desmond Fitzgerald. He is a slender aristocrat, with mere suggestion of typical Irish red hair. He has the kindness to pretend to know something of my old out-of-date book on Ireland. I do not know whether the sirocco grips my nerves or not, but I feel a lump in my throat while I talk with a Minister of that glorious land that I once saw so oppressed, and that is now so free—this land of lakes and potato fields, with its hungry peasants and its many ruins. Desmond Fitzgerald says: 'We are now rebuilding. We have been at war for a thousand years. Now is the dawn of peace and liberty at last.' He repeats, 'Freedom, liberty,' and in an undertone a Gaelic word that must mean the same. He is an emotional person. His young eyes moisten as he speaks, and I, old ass that I am, feel tears welling up in my own eyes also.

LORD MORLEY, LAST OF VICTORIAN LIBERALS

[Lord Morley's death removes the last of the great Liberals who led and moulded the destinies of the British Empire under Gladstone. He was a distinguished scholar and writer as well as a statesman, and these phases of his work take precedence in the biographical notices published at the time of his death. Both Mr. Spender and Mr. Hirst are distinguished Liberals. The first of the following articles is from the Westminster Gazette of September 26, and the second from the Manchester Guardian of September 27.]

I. AN APPRECIATION

BY J. A. SPENDER

I FIRST saw Lord Morley in the year 1886, and I have a letter from him on my table not three weeks old. *Grande mortalis ævi spatium*, to quote a Latin tag which was a favorite of his own. That any young man coming down from Oxford with the ambition or fancy of plying a pen in London should get an introduction to John Morley was the first rule of the game in the eighties and nineties; and I remember to this day the tremors with which I entered his little room in Elm Park Gardens, and my sad conviction, when I went away, that I had made a blundering business of it. That was not his fault, for he was all kindness and geniality — with perhaps a hint that the Balliol breed needed a little chastening — and he sent me away with the excellent advice to go to the provinces and learn my business.

A year later, after taking this advice, I saw him again at a dinner before a public meeting, and was hugely flattered when he came all across the room with both hands outstretched and held me for five minutes in an intimate talk all to myself. These are the little things that one remembers, and the fact that they started from such beginnings gave to one's relations with Lord Morley a certain flavor and quality which could scarcely belong to intercourse with other political stars.

If anything vexed him in life it was, I think, the constant assumption of 'practical politicians' that his literary antecedents must be a disqualification for their trade. He was not, as he tried to make them understand, the kind of literary man that they supposed, the irresponsible, imaginative artist subject to the whims and gusts of the temperament called artistic. In his own thoughts, his pen was always a tool directed to serious and practical aims in public affairs. Whether he was exploring the French origins of English eighteenth-century thought, writing the Life of Cobden, running a tilt against the compromises and evasions of politicians, raising a monument to Gladstone, exploring Cromwell or Machiavelli, his eye was always on the present-day moral; and every book or essay that he wrote was in some sort a sermon.

Yet the politicians detected something that was alien to them in his large generalizations and deductions from first principles, and in the early days they concluded with one accord that the author of *Compromise* could not be subdued to their uses. That judgment was a little revised after his three years' editorship of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. This period served as his bridge from book-writing to practical politics, and it was with no little surprise that

his friends saw him hand in glove with the most practical and mundane of all modern politicians, Joseph Chamberlain, and engaging in one of those joint enterprises between Minister and editor for forcing the hands of a Government which are the finest flower of modern journalism. Then, as later, he seemed to take pleasure in showing what large allowances he could make for the frailties of ordinary mortals, and what capacity he had for meeting them on their own ground. Certainly he was no novice in the arts and crafts, when Mr. Gladstone, very wisely, chose him for his chief lieutenant in the great Home Rule propaganda.

But then the literary man came out again. He was superb on the platform, when he had time and notice for preparation, and I have never heard finer platform speeches than the best of his from the years 1887 to 1900. Though doubtless much midnight oil was spent on them, they never smelled of the lamp. It would be truer to say that his gifts as a writer found their perfect expression on the platform than that his speeches were governed by his literary antecedents. The ringing phrases, the grave rhetoric, the constant appeal to the great commonplaces, which had characterized his writing, were even more suited for delivery to a visible than to an invisible audience.

But while moving in this large and effective way he was essentially a solo performer. The quick interplay of wits, the sensitiveness to the common mind, the easy unbending which the House of Commons demands, were not his gifts, and he was never at home in debate. I remember well how by the year 1892 the judgment on him had swung back to the old formula that he was the literary man, or, as some preferred to say, the philosopher in politics — a great and distinguished acquisition

for any party, and a glory of the country, but not a practical politician who was destined for the highest place.

He himself, I think, accepted that verdict, for he never put himself in competition for the leadership of the Liberal Party in the House of Commons on any of the occasions on which he would have been a legitimate rival to other candidates. And possibly in the end his desire to withdraw to 'another place' — which was so surprising to his friends — was due to a certain reluctance to remain on a scene where he was bound to be senior without being first. But he did undoubtedly desire at least one office which he did not obtain, and his failure in that one respect was a real disappointment to him.

Though professing to be a Manchester man of the strictest sect, he had an unending zest for great and world-wide affairs, and he loved the historic and ceremonial side of politics. In his talk of Ministers and Administrations, there was always a flavor of the eighteenth century, and he was the sworn enemy of all who vulgarized public life or thought slightly of dignity and precedence. Short of the thing he most desired, it pleased him to be Secretary of State for India, and to be able to show, as he did very rapidly, that he was neither theorist nor idealogue, but an extremely shrewd and practical administrator, as zealous as any for the honor of the Raj, and quite equal to Viceroys and Commanders-in-Chief who crossed his path. I had the privilege of seeing his first dispatch — a long and decisive one, on the Kitchener-Curzon controversy — before it was sent off, and I well remember the gesture with which he passed it over to me, as I sat at his table at the India Office. 'There! What do you think of that? Not quite so bad for the poor theorist and rhetorician!'

Another scene comes vividly back to

my mind — a little dinner at Elm Park Gardens in the year 1898, with Mr. Joseph Chamberlain as the chief guest. There were, I think, six of us, and we sat till midnight round the table while Morley and he talked of the deceitfulness of politics and the vicissitudes of public life. Chamberlain spoke bitterly of Gladstone as having driven him from his natural course and deprived him of the prize of his career by breaking the Liberal Party; and he said vehemently that there was only one thing worth having in public life, and that was the Prime-Ministership. In that alone could you be yourself and have your way. Morley, I remember, demurred, and gave instances of Prime Ministers undistinguished and forgotten and of subordinate Ministers who shone as stars in history.

Chamberlain retorted that he did n't care a rap about being a star in history; what he wanted was to be here and now his own master, and that was denied him. Short of this, all careers were a second-best, and he had no illusions about his own. What he could do working with the Tories was nothing to what he might have done if Mr. Gladstone had permitted him to remain a Radical. Morley would not for a moment admit that his ambitions ran on the same plane, but he strongly insisted on the distinction between the different kinds of second-bests in politics. There was no career in which a greater gulf was fixed between the few luminaries at the top who projected themselves into history, and the *sidera minora* who filled an average Cabinet. Where were the Cabinet Ministers of yesterday?

Morley himself was undoubtedly one of the greater luminaries. In his influence on the generation which grew up between 1870 and 1890 he is fit to compare with any of the greater Victorians. Young men swore by him and

found in his writings a more fervent and brilliant exposition of Liberal ideas than anywhere else except in the speeches of Mr. Gladstone. He chimed in with the serious mood before the cynics and popular journalists came on the scene, and if he tilted at orthodoxy he seemed always to provide a moral and religious substitute. Personally I do not think he suffered much from being in opposition during most of his political life, for his genius lay in swimming against the popular stream, and he was never very easy in office.

His relations with colleagues were often perplexing. As Mr. Gardiner has shown, he did more than anyone else to snatch the prize from Harcourt, and yet was deeply dissatisfied at the result of his own action in making Lord Rosebery Prime Minister. Why he followed Harcourt when the two rode off together into the wilderness in 1898 could never be very clearly ascertained, but again he was genuinely surprised when his Liberal colleagues took him at his word and assumed that he wished to retire from responsibility for leading the party. I doubt if he really wished to leave the India Office in 1910, but he was liable to sudden dejections about himself and his work and the disposition of his colleagues, which were apt to find vent in letters of resignation which would better have been slept upon.

But if he had this waywardness in his disposition, no one could be angry with him for long. In that, though in little else, he resembled Mr. Balfour, who alternately vexed and charmed his friends in much the same way. His friendship was a thing apart from his politics, and to be banned from his presence was a real bereavement. He delighted in the companionship of Lord Rosebery, and in spite of their public differences had always a deep affection for him.

Intellectually the two men had everything in common, the same tastes in literature, the same admirations in history, the same wide knowledge of the eighteenth-century masters. No two men shone more in each other's company, and there was no better talk than when they were together under the same roof. If by good chance Mr. Asquith and Mr. Birrell were added to the company there was a perfect quartette. Another combination unequaled of its kind was that of Morley, Rosebery, Acton, and Bryce, but Acton's habit of luring you out of your depth and then drowning you in his own unfathomable learning was a little too formidable for pure pleasure.

Lord Morley had a charming voice, and his urbanity and courtesy were altogether delightful. He was one of the very few people who seemed really to be arguing for truth and not for victory; and sometimes he would concede so much to an opponent that there was no getting it back and the subject would drop rather disappointingly with an 'Ah!' and a throwing-up of the hands. He loved aphorisms and liked to sum up a conclusion in a neat sentence which had some general application, but he was always skillful in avoiding the commonplace, or at least in giving it a new face with a vivid and unexpected adjective.

Though he lived very simply, he was never the austere man that some of the public supposed him to be. He liked a good dinner and good wine, and always gave of the best. If he invited you to lunch alone with him at a restaurant, he would be there a quarter of an hour before the time carefully choosing from the menu and ordering the wine. Often his greeting would be: 'You're a red-wine man, and I remember that you liked that Margaux, and see, I have got it again.' It was delightfully flattering and ever so kind.

A hundred memories crowd in upon one — hours in Elm Park Gardens when one sat at the master's feet; hours as the years went on when argument and opposition were sometimes a sad necessity; moments of irritation, when things too abominable for forgiveness had been written in the old evening *Westminster*, and then the swift change to plenary absolution; calls for raw material when speeches were pending; walks on Hindhead, in which politics were forgotten and reminiscence flowed; lunches in his own corner at the Carlton, when Governments were falling or making; and sometimes the 'Viscounts' lunch' (with Viscount Knollys and Viscount Esher), at which it was a special privilege to make a fourth. There are no more delightful memories, and, though he goes at a ripe old age, it is difficult to believe that the chapter is closed.

The war, coming at the end of his days, was for him and for all men of his tradition a shattering affliction. He was right in deciding that he could not, at his age and with his disposition, be a member of a War Cabinet, but the decision profoundly affected him, and for a time he could see nothing but the vision of 'hell blazing' and the world demented. Letters of sympathy brought rather stern replies, and for a time the old ties seemed to be broken beyond repair. Then he came back, his views indeed unchanged, but affectionate, kindly, his old self, full of anxious inquiries about the friends he had left, and his historical sense all alive about the tremendous events that were happening.

Lord Morley has been a great influence in the land, and even as a practical politician and administrator he did work — especially for Ireland and India — which no historian will be able to ignore; but what one chiefly thinks of at this moment is the fascinating personality and the vanished hours of friendship and companionship.

II. A VIGNETTE

BY FRANCIS W. HIRST

EVER since I began to take part at Oxford in politics I have been a disciple of John Morley. His brand of Liberalism, actively opposed to Imperialism, militarism, and war on the one hand, passively opposed to Socialism on the other, exactly suited me, for the household gods of my boyhood were Bright and Cobden. The most fortunate event in my life occurred in 1899, when Morley asked me to go with him to Hawarden to work on Mr. Gladstone's papers and so prepare the ground for a famous biography. Then, and on a second occasion, I spent several months in his household, and the intimate relations thus commenced continued to the very end of his life.

My last luncheon with him and Lady Morley just a week before his death leaves a very happy memory. For some months his physical strength had been failing, and he was glad to be doubly supported as he walked from his study to the dining-room between walls hung with portraits of friends and heroes. My wife and I were the only guests, for his nephew, Mr. Guy Morley, has for years been to him as a son.

A week or two before he had discussed with much animation some recent disclosures of Russian diplomacy published in the *Morning Post*. They had a bearing, he thought, on his own — as yet unpublished — reasons for resignation. But on this occasion the conversation started from our stay at Hawarden, just twenty-four years ago, and the great meeting of protest at Manchester, when 'speaking as a Lancashire man to Lancashire men' he denounced the Chamberlain-Milner war policy. 'It might be profitable, but it would be wrong,' was the burden of a

peroration which none who heard it is ever likely to forget.

From this topic we passed somehow to Liberalism and the Liberal Party. I thought that a Cobden or a Bright was required to bring about a revival. 'No,' he said, 'they were not party men.' 'Then a Gladstone,' I submitted. 'Ah,' he said, 'Mr. Gladstone was very different. We did not always know what path he would take — he did n't always know himself.'

'Is consistency one of the cardinal virtues in politics?' I asked.

'I don't think much of it,' he said, half seriously.

'Then, Lord Morley,' I asked, 'why have you practised it so long?'

'To save trouble,' was the answer. It came so unexpectedly that we all laughed heartily.

He was a king of table talk, though he himself often awarded the palm to Mr. Birrell. But his effects depended so much on expression and on modulation of voice, or perhaps on a gesture, that they cannot easily be reproduced. Even in reading Boswell one feels that half the charm and half the power have vanished, nor can we hope for a Boswell's life of Morley. Still, much remains, and I for one am glad to have treasured up fragments from his conversations extending over many years.

Let me give one specimen from a diary I kept during our stay in the Red House at Hawarden:—

August 28, 1899. — To-day we finished the boxes, about sixteen in all, which we have boiled down to one or two. He has a very strong feeling of literary honesty which tells him not to devolve. Sometimes it becomes quixotic, and he wants to see everything. At

another time he gladly accepts my assurance that hosts of letters are valueless. He is conscious of his great powers of making short work with manuscripts. He told me to-day that I was too much inclined to act as a magnet collecting steel shavings. This was because I wanted to preserve a sketch Budget in which Mr. Gladstone abolished the income tax. . . .

After dinner he told a story about a certain MacFarlane, once M.P. for Inverness-shire. Another Scottish M.P., a very simple fellow, went to Mr. Gladstone and told him that MacF. ought to be knighted. Mr. G. was inclined to agree, but asked what there was to distinguish MacF. from other M.P.'s which would serve to recommend him to Her Majesty for the honor of knighthood. The simple man was puzzled, but at length he said, most seriously and ingenuously: 'He has the longest beard in the House of Commons.' Mr. Gladstone thereupon said, with extreme gravity and politeness: 'Well, certainly that is a reason.' MacF. was knighted shortly afterwards.

Yet in his lightest moods Lord Morley seemed always to be conscious of the irony of things and of the mysteri-

ous forces which break the best-laid schemes and bend all but the strongest wills. I shall not say that he had no faults, or that he committed no mistakes. If his public utterances were sometimes thought pontifical, he made no claim to infallibility. Let us think to-day of his uncompromising veracity and moral integrity, of his feeling that public office is a trusteeship and public money a sacred trust; of his sublime and almost religious devotion to moral causes, of his constancy in pursuit of ideals, of his almost unique gift for raising political discussion above the dusty scramble for place or profit, and his magic power of creating or re-creating public spirit in good men and women. These virtues were never more needed in our public life. But he is gone.

*Hadst thou but lived, though stripped of power,
A watchman on the lonely tower,
Thy thrilling trump had roused the land
When fraud and danger were at hand.
By thee, as by the beacon light,
Our pilots had kept course aright.*

He is gone, but the record of his statesmanship remains, and his books immortalize that spirit of Liberalism, often dormant in this democracy, but never dead, which he drew from the purest fountains of his political Helicon.

MEXICO'S DIPLOMATIC VICTORY

BY CLAUDIO BELTRAN

From *El Sol*, September 11
(MADRID LIBERAL DAILY)

THE controversy between the United States and Mexico has finally ended in a reconciliation between their Governments. President Coolidge is about to recognize the political and social régime set up in Mexico by General Obregón. A new policy of economic coöperation and political concord, it is announced, will govern the future relations of the two great Republics of North America.

Although we do not know specifically the terms of this agreement, it is interesting to recall the causes of the controversy that resulted in such a protracted, and apparently irreconcilable, estrangement.

The root of the difficulty was in the political and social doctrines that have been dominant in Mexico since the Revolution. The Constitution of that country is cast in a Socialist mould that limits private property rights in land, mines, and oil wells, which are owned and exploited in large part by North American corporations. This was the chief reason for the tenacious attitude of both parties to the dispute. Such social doctrines promised to present an insurmountable barrier to the commercial expansion of the United States. On the other hand, they seemed to the Mexicans the Magna Carta of their liberty, and the principal guaranty of their national independence.

How then can a capitalist Government like that of the United States, and a Socialist Republic like that of Mexico, work together in economic

harmony, and agree in political programmes? Has Mexico repudiated her orientation? Has the United States receded before the unyielding determination of President Obregón? Though, as I have just said, we do not know as yet the full terms of the treaty, we can draw some inferences from the message of President Obregón to the Mexican Congress when he submitted this document to that body. In his message the President said: 'The recognition of our Government has not been purchased by a repudiation of the laws of Mexico or by the sacrifice of our national dignity. It is the fruit of the progress that Mexico is making, in the opinion of the United States, and the confidence that her new political institutions are beginning to inspire.'

This clear but discreet statement carefully avoids giving offense to the United States at the very moment she is again manifesting her friendliness, but at the same time it is designed to dissipate any fears the Mexicans may feel lest their Socialist programme be repudiated. Washington naturally does not permit the idea to get abroad that its moves have been checkmated, but merely informs the world that a formula has been worked out which is satisfactory to both Governments.

However, when the dust settles, we discover that Mexico proposes to continue in the same course as in the past. No importance need be attached to negligible amendments to her laws, so long as the fundamental doctrine upon which they are based remains

intact. The prophecy made by a Mexican statesman, at the time the negotiations began, has been realized: 'Mexico will come out of the conference chamber either recognized or not, but just as Socialist as ever.' There is every reason to believe that this statement, made four months ago, has been verified, and that Mexico's progressive programme has emerged from the crucible intact.

It is worth our while, therefore, to consider more at length the consequences of this event, and its probable effect on international relations. For Spaniards, who seldom take an intelligent interest in American affairs, may have some difficulty in measuring the importance and significance of Mexico's achievement.

For the first time in the political and diplomatic history of the Western Hemisphere a Spanish-speaking Republic has successfully defended against the United States principles and doctrines that attack directly the roots of that country's power. After four years of hostility, Washington condescended to negotiate. She now resumes relations with a Government that she but a short time ago denounced as unstable and untrustworthy. She is ready to encourage close financial co-operation with a country that she has repeatedly stigmatized as the Russia of America. No matter how much these facts may be clouded over by diplomatic subtleties, the truth remains that the United States has thus sacrificed prestige. She has been firm and unyielding heretofore, and when she felt it incumbent to negotiate, and to waive the guarantees she had previously demanded, it was because the inducements to do so were imperative.

None of the West Indian countries or the weaker Republics of Central and South America has been able to escape the more or less direct control of the

great Yankee Power. Even the A. B. C. nations are accustomed to regard Washington as the political centre of the Western Hemisphere. Yet Mexico, relying on herself alone, without any aid from Europe, and in the throes of a political and economic crisis, has won a victory of no mean importance over her all-powerful neighbor.

A few months ago, when the plenipotentiaries of all America gathered at Santiago, Mexico had the self-respect to refuse an invitation, unwillingly extorted and tardily given, to be present. But though she was absent from the Pan-American Congress, she has accomplished what the representatives who gathered there could not accomplish; and, while the other Governments of the continent came away empty-handed, Mexico has taken matters into her own hands and made Washington respect the first Socialist Republic that has appeared in America.

This lesson cannot fail to impress her sister Governments. Whenever they see the shadow of Yankee Imperialism enveloping them, they will turn to Mexico as to a lighthouse to guide their course. That country passed through her Calvary of struggle and humiliation, put up with isolation, and relied solely on her own resources for years in order to achieve this. Now that she has broken through her encirclement and again assumes her place in the community of nations, behold, she stands foremost among Spanish-American nations!

Recognition by the United States will contribute much to the domestic prosperity and business recovery of Mexico. Peace, security, obedience to the law, and an orderly government were already the well-won fruits of President Obregón's laborious administration. For some time now it has been false to look upon Mexico as the land of anarchy and cruelty it was

represented to be in American films. None the less, she could not hope to attain the economic rank to which she aspires without the financial aid of the only country in the world now in a position adequately to assist her. This assistance is at last promised in abundant measure. American manufacturers feel that they cannot dispense with the Mexican market, for it is the nearest and most convenient market that they have. Furthermore, the natural wealth of Mexico, which is as

yet but partially developed, requires the vigorous financial tonic that only the United States can give.

However, this collaboration and assistance is not to impair Mexico's sovereignty or to interfere with her political institutions. Right here the new social laws that the Government of the United States opposed so bitterly come into play. They are designed to prevent alien interference in Mexico's public affairs, so baneful to the Republic's peace and well-being heretofore.

DOLLAR DIPLOMACY

BY PIERRE ARTHUYS

[Our readers will recall the irritation exhibited by French financial circles, and reflected by officials of that country in the Near East, at the acceptance of the Chester proposals by the Angora Government. That acceptance represented at least a temporary defeat of powerful French and English financial groups interested in the exploitation of Anatolia.]

From *La Revue Universelle*, September 15
 (PARIS ROYALIST POLITICAL AND LITERARY SEMIMONTHLY)

WHILE the Lausanne Conference was painfully working out the clauses of the future Treaty of Peace with Turkey, the Yankees, who distrust diplomatic methods, were hard at work promoting their business interests in the Near East. Their observer at the Conference kept carefully in the background. He was seldom mentioned. His name was hardly known. But he was there with an object, as appeared when he declared that the United States would not recognize any agreement creating an economic privilege of whatsoever character for the special benefit of any State. The United States demanded the open door in New Turkey, and its demand was granted.

But if the Americans seemed to take little active part in the Conference and contented themselves with 'observing' and making occasional statements, other Americans were very much 'on the job' in the territories of the new nation. These Americans were business men, trust directors, financiers, and engineers, who by no means confined themselves to bringing back travelers' impressions from Smyrna or Angora. Their observations were not destined to sleep in the pigeonholes of a Government Department. They studied the country, its resources, its economic prospects, its markets, the opportunities it offered to the manufacturers and merchants of the United

States — we may even say that they worked out a complete plan of 'colonization.' So it did not surprise those who realize that the United States has become the most ambitious nation in the world to discover one morning that a powerful American consortium called the Chester Group, representing a financial and industrial trust, had laid far-reaching plans for the development of Anatolia.

Indeed, the projects of this trust are not new. About 1899 an American Admiral, Colby Chester, thanks to his personal intimacy with the Sultan, Abdul-Hamid, obtained vast concessions for developing with American capital the principal economic resources of Asia Minor, and particularly the petroleum fields of Mesopotamia. When the Young Turks seized power, the Chester Group was again in the limelight for a time, but the war with Italy in 1911 brought the negotiations to a halt. The following year an Anglo-German group, known as the Turkish Petroleum Company, was organized for the purpose of getting away from the Chester people the proposed petroleum concessions at Bagdad and Mosul. The Turks, not knowing which party to favor, asked time to think the matter over, with the result that nothing definite had been done when the war broke out in 1914.

Later England fancied she had won a momentary triumph at San Remo, when she persuaded France to renounce her claims to Mosul, but the United States promptly protested against this arrangement. The English then proposed a compromise that would give the Americans part of the Mosul petroleum. Apparently, however, the American Government was not satisfied. A keen eye for the main chance, and an advantageous financial situation, induced the Americans to reject the slow and devious methods of

diplomacy, and to anticipate their competitors by a thorough study of the country itself and direct negotiations with the Angora Government.

American capitalists saw immediately that New Turkey would need assistance to get on her feet. She was disorganized, impoverished, destitute of engineers; consequently the vast projects of the Angora Assembly would otherwise come to naught. Why not provide ready-made the machinery needed to develop the country? The Yankees, born to do things, wasted no time over the ideals of the New Turks, but occupied themselves exclusively with the material needs of the young nation, and played upon the eagerness of its leaders to see their ambitious dreams realized and to make themselves and their nation important in the eyes of the world. So it was easy to persuade them that such aid as the Americans proposed to give would assure a great future to the country.

This explains why the Chester concessions acquired such importance. They not only contemplated developing petroleum fields and other concessions for private profit, but proposed a real collaboration in reconstructing the country. The Americans offered to build the Turkish Government a new capital city at Angora, with broad avenues, public buildings, and all modern conveniences, such as telephones, tramways, drainage, electric lights, and a water supply. Next, they proposed to build throughout Anatolia towns and villages equipped with all the latest improvements, harbors with docks and breakwaters, roads and bridges. They further undertook to construct seven lines of railway, besides canals and irrigation works, and to import agricultural machinery to the value of several million dollars for the encouragement of modern farming.

In addition to all this, the concessions contain references to sugar mills, glass works, agricultural-machinery works, textile mills, shoe factories, cement works, tanneries, and other industrial enterprises.

Last of all, the Yankees proposed to prospect for and develop mines, preserve the existing timber, reforest the mountains, and establish schools for educating foresters, scientific farmers, business men, and engineers; also to erect large hotels, meteorological observatories, and wireless telegraph and telephone stations. With that fine touch of Puritan righteousness that generally accompanies American financial ventures, the object of the whole scheme is summarized as 'the welfare of the Turkish race.'

This dream — still a dream in the imaginations of the Turks — of a rich, highly developed country, may quite possibly be realized, thanks to American gold.

It would be decidedly dangerous not to take these vast projects seriously. Our disposition to underestimate the United States has already cost us heavily, and it is high time that we should study seriously the fundamental tendencies of that nation. Americans envisage things on a large scale. They are accustomed to carrying out vast projects. A keen desire 'to possess the earth' blinds them to obstacles. Undoubtedly they meet difficulties and suffer checks, but in their eyes the past is the past. They waste no time worrying over what is lost. Their interest is in the future. They are constantly striving to outdo themselves. They have a passion for making records. After losing a fortune, they begin again as if nothing had happened, pressing onward toward new conquests. If one trust is defeated, two others spring up in its place.

The fact that Americans are fairly

burdened with gold aggravates these tendencies. We are told that this plethora of precious metal is proving embarrassing to them; but those who reason thus forget that many nations no longer have any of it, and that the Americans are busily putting their gold to work wherever it will enable them to carry out great enterprises, of which they will remain sub-rosa masters. Since the United States now possesses one half of all the gold in the world, and needs only one fifth of the world's stock for its home requirements, it is natural that the opportunity to employ this metal elsewhere should appeal to it powerfully. So the trusts are busy everywhere. They are carefully studying business opportunities in all parts of the world, with a thoroughness of detail that throws into the shade most investigations of foreign countries that we Frenchmen make. Some great American corporations base their important loans upon these exact inquiries; others supply the materials, the machines, and all the commodities necessary to carry out the object of the loans; all have one object — to get possession of more wealth.

The vast and detailed proposals of the Chester Group are based on an exceedingly careful study of Anatolia, which could not have been undertaken except with ample funds. Already other American interests are in the field. The Ottoman Development Company is on the ground with the object, as its name indicates, of developing Asia Minor. This company is backed by the American Government, which in this case does not confine itself simply to the rôle of an 'observer' of what the French and English are doing, but proceeds at once to business. General George W. Goethals, manager of the Ottoman Development Company, is leaving for Turkey to push forward a survey of the mineral, pe-

roleum, and railway concessions granted by the Turkish Government.

It is not without interest that this trust was driven out of Turkey before the war by the Germans, who felt their security threatened by its schemes. They attached too much importance to the Bagdad railway to permit so powerful a competitor in its vicinity. But now the scene is changed. The American trusts, the pathfinders of Yankee Imperialism, march ahead of the Great Republic; they bribe, they buy, they seize. Usually the American Government remains in the background for a time, until a convenient occasion comes to endorse their operations — even though these have been scrupulously ignored and even disavowed previously. That is what has happened in Anatolia.

What do the Turks think? A commission of experts has met, has examined the Chester proposals, and has endorsed them in principle. However, the Angora Government desires a 'fifty-fifty' share in the enterprises, and insists that the Americans refrain from political propaganda, and from pursuing other ulterior objects. Capital, materials, machinery, for carrying out the projected works, are to be furnished by the Americans until it is possible to manufacture them in the country, at establishments erected by the Americans.

One sees at a glance how advantageous it is for the Turks to accept the American proposals. Many influential men in that country will be given desirable positions in the management of the new undertakings, although American financiers will naturally keep full control. A host of subaltern employees, mechanics, and laborers will be given jobs. The Government's revenues will be increased. Mr. Dollar — anonymously — will be in the chair. Could anything be shrewder and

smoother? Is this not real collaboration? This is the miracle that American gold proposes to work in Anatolia. In the hands of American financiers, that vast territory is speedily to become one of the most highly developed of countries — not to suggest likewise the most thoroughly enslaved.

We have been inspired to review this project — which is causing well-grounded anxiety to the English — because it illustrates excellently the methods of North American finance. It reveals the imperialist projects of a Government which, under the pressure of forces that it is difficult to escape, is striving to secure the economic leadership of the world. A few other examples will add point to our statement.

Across the Atlantic in Latin America the same manœuvres are occurring. There is the same invasion of gold to corrupt and develop poor and feeble countries. The vast plans of the Chester Group resemble strikingly those of the Standard Oil in Bolivia. There also a great trust offers to build roads, harbor works, canals, and railways, and to develop agriculture, mining, and petroleum resources; and there likewise the Bolivian Government, which has conceded everything in its poverty and corruption, is to have a half share in these enterprises.

In Haiti the local Government has seen wise to accept — after American marines were disembarked in 1915 — the occupation of the whole country. Americans have come to build canals, roads, and railways, and to erect industrial establishments. There likewise American capital has made itself the creator of a new land.

In Anatolia we discover corporations like the Foundation Company of New York, which has already made itself dominant in Peru, where it has become the great power. That company is now negotiating with the Government of

Ecuador, perhaps to build railways, to develop the country, to carry out great public projects with funds which it is ready to loan to the people for this purpose. In Central America 'civilizing capital' has practically monopolized the natural resources of the little Republics, making the local Governments its tool.

In other words, the proposals of the Chester Group contain the same provisions, expressed with almost the same words, that appeared in the contracts entered into between the business leaders of America and the Governments of Latin America. One notable feature of the Chester concessions is a proposed railway between Sivas and Mosul, which will open up the petroleum district of Irak. There is a further provision that 'all the mineral wealth discovered, or hereafter discovered, in a zone extending twenty kilometres to the right and to the left of the railway to be constructed, shall be developed and operated by the concessionary company.'

We have discovered the same pro-

vision, word for word, in railway concessions in Central America, and can readily imagine that the Yankee engineers will avoid running their line through land that does not contain such mineral or petroleum wealth.

We have been wont to imagine that this policy of financial conquest has been pursued by the United States only in countries near its own borders. We now note facts that justify more serious reflection. The motives of the Americans are the motives of a nation of great wealth, which knows how to exercise the power that wealth gives in a way that will speedily open our eyes.

Turkey, in accepting the American proposal, will become an economic vassal of these trusts. But it is to be feared that her pressing need of money, her desire to develop her resources quickly, her inability otherwise to accomplish the things upon which she has set her heart, will make her welcome the Chester proposals. We may add another motive for her action — the distrust that the Turks feel for the English and for ourselves.

SIDELIGHTS ON IBSEN. II

BY GEORG BRANDES

*From the Neue Freie Presse, August 5 and 11
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)*

IBSEN was a born controversialist, and his first dramatic work, *Catilina*, was likewise his first declaration of war. From his intellectual majority — which did not arrive early — he never doubted that he was alone on one side of the balance, and what we call 'society' was on the other. Society symbolized to Ibsen fear of the truth and eagerness

to hide it behind a screen of phrases. Among his many unflattering paradoxes was this: every age has only a limited stock of intelligence for distribution; therefore if a few individuals, like Schiller and Goethe in their day, are richly endowed, their contemporaries must be correspondingly impoverished. He inclined to the view, I

fancy, that he had received his endowments at a time when the stock had about run out.

Consequently he did not feel himself a child of the people, a part of a whole, a leader of a group, a member of society; he thought of himself merely as a gifted individual, and the only thing that he really respected and believed in was personality. This disassociation from his environment, this assertion of the *I* as intellect, vividly suggests the era of Scandinavian history in which he grew up. . . . Presumably Björnsson's diametrically opposed temperament influenced him in some degree. A great man is invariably affected by a great contemporary of a type utterly different from himself. It is often a misfortune for an important man to have his name constantly coupled with another's, whether in a complimentary or a depreciatory way. Such an involuntary and unescapable twinship may be irritating and harmful. This possibly inclined Ibsen to exaggerate his own individuality, which in this instance would mean strengthening his self-seclusion and self-concentration.

No man who believed, as Ibsen did, in the right and power of emancipated individuality, no man who learned so early to feel himself on a war footing toward the world that surrounded him, could have a favorable opinion of the multitude. As he attained maturity, his contempt for mankind developed *pari passu*. I do not mean that he exaggerated his own gifts and worth. He had an inquiring, skeptical, interrogative nature: 'My mission is to ask, not to give answers.' Such minds are not inclined to overmuch self-esteem.

Consider also how long he was in quest of a form of expression, of a mastery of words; how uncertain he was in *Catilina*, how strongly he showed the influence of Öhvenschläger in his little play, *The Viking's Barrow*; how

in another drama that remained for a long time unprinted, *The Feast at Solhaug*, he imitated even in his metres a writer so alien to himself as Henrik Hertz; how in his *Warriors in Helgeland* he drew his most effective passages from the island's sagas. All this was before he ventured to depend on his own resources and invented his own literary form. Ibsen was one of those writers who begin their career filled with reverence and admiration for those they believe their superiors, until failure teaches them their own power. From that moment geniuses of this kind are apt to be more self-assertive than those who have a high idea of their capacities from the beginning. They learn to regard others, whom they previously admired, with a critical eye, to weigh them and find them wanting, and to discard them.

To Ibsen the average man was petty, selfish, a pitiful being; his way of seeing things was not that of a scientific observer, but of a moralist, and in his quality as a moralist he dwelt more on the evil in men than on their blindness and lack of understanding. Flaubert considered men evil because they were stupid. Ibsen thinks them stupid because they are evil. Consider, for example, Thorwald Helmar. The way he judges his wife is stupid, utterly stupid. When Nora says farewell for the last time to Doctor Rank — that is, when the thought of suicide stares into the eyes of the thought of death, and he who is condemned to death answers with pitying tenderness, — Thorwald Helmar stands by like a sun-dazzled falcon and stretches out his arms; but only his hypocritical egoism makes him so stupid.

Ibsen does not regard men as malicious, but simply as bad. An aphorism in Kierkegaard's *Either — Or* has come to my attention, which seems a suitable motto for Ibsen: 'Let others com-

plain that this is an evil age. I complain that it is a despicable one; for it is without passion. The thoughts of men are as thin and weak as lace, and they themselves as pitiful as the lace-making girls. Their minds and their hearts are too miserable to be evil.' What does Brand say, moreover, when he complains of the God of men and would set up his own God and his own ideal:—

Ye need, such feebleness to brook,
A God who'll through his fingers look,
Who, like yourselves, is hoary grown,
And keeps a cap for his bald crown.
Mine is another kind of God!
Mine is a storm, where thine's a lull,
Implacable where thine's a clod,
All-loving there where thine is dull;
And he is young like Hercules,
No hoary sipper of life's lees!

And what does the Buttonmoulder say? He answers Peer Gynt about as Mephistopheles answers the soul in Heilberg's *Soul after Death*. Peer Gynt is by no means to be plunged into the lake of fire.

Why that is precisely the rub, my man;
You're no sinner at all in the higher sense;
That's why you're excused all the torture-pangs,
And, like others, land in the casting-ladle.

He is

No sinner on the so-called heroic scale—
Scarce middling even—

So into the waste-box you needs must go,
And then, as they phrase it, be merged in the
mass.

Peer Gynt is, in Ibsen's mind, a typical personification of the Norwegian national vices. They filled him, as we see, with less horror than contempt.

This feeling explains a quality exhibited in Ibsen's youthful works even before his distinctive character was fully developed. Margit, in his *Feast at Solhaug*, involuntarily reminds the Danish reader of Hertz's Ragnhild. Yet she is a person of quite different

mould — harder, wilder, more determined. A woman of to-day who loved with despair in her heart would feel much closer to Ragnhild than to Margit; for Margit would seem to show her that she was only a child of a degenerate age, without courage or consistency in her passion, plunged in mediocrity. And why does Ibsen in his *Warriors in Helgeland* go back to the wild tragedy and forbidding cruelties of the Volsunga Saga that he might paint a picture of the old days to shame the present generation? To emphasize the greatness of the forefathers, whose passions stormed headlong to their goal; to depict the pride that wasted no words, that acted in silence, that suffered in silence, that died in silence; to portray the will of iron, the heart of gold, the deeds of the doer whose exploits shall live for all time.

We note this challenging pathos in his very earliest writings. Catiline is described with the generous sympathy of an enthusiastic youth. He portrays the Roman rebel as despising and hating Roman society, where might and greed held arbitrary sway, where a man became a leader by backbiting and intrigues. So he, a single individual, revolted against the community. We perceive the same combative pathos in a later work, his wonderful *Doll's House*, where it rings muffled, but no less distinctly, from the lips of a woman. When Nora, the little lark, the squirrel, the child, at last summons courage to say, 'I must decide in my own mind which is right, society or myself,' when this gentle creature dares to range herself on one side and society on the other, we feel that she is Ibsen's daughter. We discover the same belligerent pathos in Mrs. Alving's opinion of the conventions of official society — so resented by many of his readers: 'I wanted to pick out a single knot; but when I had got that undone the whole

thing raveled out. And then I understood that it was all machine-sewn.' Here we catch, in spite of the gulf between the poet and the character he has conceived, a sigh of relief, because, albeit indirectly, at last the whole story is told.

The usual term in modern Europe to designate this opinion of the world, and of mankind, is pessimism. But pessimism has many shades. It can be, as in Schopenhauer, a conviction that life in itself is evil, that the sum of our pleasures is very small compared with the sum of our pains and suffering. It can proceed from the assumption that nothingness is the highest bliss; that work is joyless, that pleasures are hollow and lose even the illusion of pleasure by repetition. . . . But that is not Ibsen's pessimism. He believes the world is bad, but he does not concern himself with whether life is a blessing. His whole attitude is moral.

A pessimist philosopher lays stress upon the illusory character of love, teaches how little happiness it gives and how utterly it is founded on illusion. . . . For Ibsen the comedy of love does not consist in its unavoidable erotic self-deception, — that is not comedy to him; it appeals to his sympathy, — but it consists in the deadening of character and the destruction of the poetry of life that accompany and characterize the permanent social bonds that originally owe their existence to erotic causes. When a prospective missionary, upon his betrothal, changes his career to become a teacher in a girl's school, he makes himself a mark for Ibsen's satire. That is for Ibsen the comedy of love. Only in one single instance, in an isolated flash, did he ever transcend his habitual moral conception of the phenomenon of love — even then he did not relinquish his satirical attitude. I refer to 'Complications,' which is not only the

wittiest but also the most searching of Ibsen's poems.

A pessimist philosopher dwells upon the unattainability of happiness for the individual and for the masses. He lays stress on the fact that enjoyment slips out of our hands, that all that we wish is achieved too late, that what we do attain by no means produces the pleasure that we anticipated. He regards Goethe's remark, that during his seventy-five years of life he had not enjoyed four weeks of unalloyed happiness, as positive proof that happiness is unattainable; for how can the ordinary mortal hope to secure what was denied Goethe, the favorite of men and gods! But Ibsen's attitude is different. Skeptical as he is in other respects, he does not doubt the possibility of happiness. Even the hard-beset Mrs. Alving imagines that under different circumstances she might be happy, and that her miserable husband might have been so. Ibsen apparently shares this opinion. He speaks from his heart when he says of a moderate-sized town that it can offer no pleasures but merely entertainment, no life-object but merely a job, no real mission but only business. Life itself, therefore, is not evil; existence is not necessarily joyless. No, the individual or the group of individuals is at fault if life does not prove happy; the guilty parties are the gloomy, coarse-grained, bigoted members of Norwegian society.

Your real pessimist philosopher considers optimism a kind of materialism. He explains the fact that optimism is preached on every street-corner, by the fact that the social question threatens to set the world on fire. The real thing to do, in his opinion, is to teach the masses that they have nothing better to hope for in the future. Only the pessimist's conviction of universal suffering can teach the multitude the futility of their striving. But such a

conception is never found in Ibsen when he touches upon the social question, as in *Pillars of Society* and elsewhere; the fault is invariably of a moral nature. It involves guilt. Society is rotten; its pillars are hollow and decayed. The cooped-up atmosphere of a small country is corrupted. Great deeds demand great spheres of action; a breath from without — that is a breath of truth and freedom — may purify the air.

Consequently, Ibsen's conception of the world as evil does not make him pity his fellow men, but makes him angry with them. His pessimism is not metaphysical but moral. It is founded on faith in the possibility of achieving ideals; in a word, he is a wrathful pessimist. His lack of sympathy for suffering is due to his belief in purification by fire. Petty, contemptible men can become great only through suffering. Petty, contemptible communities can become sound only by struggle, defeat, chastisement. He who had felt on his own person the lashes of misfortune, who had emptied to the dregs the purging cup of bitterness, believed in the value of pain, misfortune, oppression.

We see this most plainly, perhaps, in his *Emperor and Galilean*. Ibsen apparently studied carefully the history

of Julian and his time, and yet he is not really an historian. He robbed Julian of his true greatness. He did not see him as the official Church sees him, but none the less viewed him with Christian eyes. He portrays a persecution of the Christians for which Julian was in no way responsible. His idea is that Julian, by persecuting his Christian subjects, was the real reviver of Christianity in his generation, that he rescued the Christian faith from the dead. Julian's significance in world history is therefore, in Ibsen's eyes, due to the fact that he converted Christianity from a court and state religion into a persecuted and oppressed doctrine, and thereby restored its original spiritual character and primitive passion for martyrdom. When challenged by the Christians, the Emperor punished remorselessly. But his punishments had an effect he did not anticipate. His old schoolmate, Gregory, who had lacked courage to take a decisive stand, but still had to defend his friends and family even though he was not strong and able enough for greater deeds, and Basilius, who had devoted himself to acquiring worldly knowledge in the retirement of his country estate, were now strengthened by persecution, and summoned up courage to fight like lions.

ETAS: THE SOCIAL OUTCASTS OF JAPAN

BY SUSUMU KOGA

[Space considerations have made it necessary to summarize the introductory paragraphs of the following article.]

From *Fujin Koron*, December
(TOKYO REVIEW FOR WOMEN)

UNTIL the Meiji era — that is, within the recollection of the older generation to-day — there were four classes in Japan: knights, peasants, artisans, and merchants. And there was still another class, who were not considered to belong to human society. They were the Etas, the 'profane,' the lower than the lowest.

When the Emperor Meiji inaugurated his reforms, he united the classes into two, the knights and the common people, intending to fuse the Etas with the latter. But immemorial social prejudices are not so lightly overcome, and the Etas still continue outcasts. Lafcadio Hearn once declared that they were worse persecuted than the Jews have been in Europe.

There are three million Etas in Japan at present. They are segregated in special districts, Japanese ghettos, usually the slums of the locality where they reside. Their condition has been for many years a matter of concern for social workers, and as isolated Etas have risen to a position where they could make their voice heard they have organized a protest among their own people against the prejudices and disabilities from which they suffer.

In a certain village of the Gumma prefecture, ten young men were drafted into the army, and two of them chanced to be Etas. When the time came for the soldiers to depart for service, the

village gave them a farewell party, and provided them with uniforms. But the two Etas were not invited to the party, nor were they presented with uniforms. One of them was the son of a well-to-do family, and could afford to buy his equipment, but the other was too poor to do so. Therefore, when he left, the villagers contemptuously presented him with an old and worn-out uniform, saying: 'Since even an Eta has been drafted to the army, he must have a uniform. Even if it is very poor, it is good enough for him.' When the train was about to leave, the young man shouted back to his fellow villagers, with tears and indignation in his voice: 'I shall never return to this village. I have been drafted to defend my country, and yet I have been insulted worse than an alien.'

In a village of Saitama-Ken pre-fecture, a memorial was to be erected in a temple ground to honor the soldiers who died in Siberia. Two Etas were so fortunate, or unfortunate, as to be on the list of dead. Now when it came to inscribing the names on the memorial, the notables of the village decided to leave out those of the two Etas, lest they desecrate the holy ground upon which it was erected. Thereupon the Etas of the village appealed to the Governor for redress, but he put them off on the plea of his engagements until after the dedication was to occur.

There was an Eta officer in the army.

The company under his command decided maliciously to misunderstand his orders. When he gave the command 'Right face!' for instance, the soldiers would purposely turn to the left. They persisted in this conduct until the company became so demoralized that a council of superior officers found the Eta officer incompetent to command and he was discharged from the army in disgrace.

Two generals in active service are rumored to be of Eta descent, but they are careful to hide this fact. When they visit their relatives they either meet them by appointment in Tokyo or stealthily by night, and always in civilian dress. Another Eta is a distinguished authority on law, and lectures at Kyoto Imperial University. Whenever he begins his courses to a new lot of students, he takes care to announce that he is an Eta, but he always does so with mingled feelings of humiliation and resentment.

Last year a congress of village mayors was held in a certain province to discuss various problems relating to their office. When the topic of improving the segregated villages came up, one delegate rose and said: 'If we had only exterminated the Etas instead of emancipating them, such vexatious questions would not trouble us now.'

An old jinrikisha-man used to live opposite a certain railway station in Ise province. His hobby was to investigate the causes of suicide. Every time he read of such a tragedy in the newspapers and the motive was not specifically mentioned, he would send a return postcard to the police department where it occurred, inquiring the reason why the person took his life. He pursued this inquiry for ten years until he had accumulated a big file of statistics. His hobby became known, and at a conference held by the governor of his prefecture to discuss the Eta question

the old man was invited to attend. That official, in opening the meeting, pompously announced: 'Since the Emancipation Proclamation was issued in the fourth year of Meiji, the distinction between Eta and commoner has been abolished, and we are now equally beloved sons of His Majesty. . . .' But when the old 'rikisha-man' was given an opportunity to speak, he merely reported that in case of the suicides the motive for which had not been reported in the newspapers, numbering some two hundred, the victims were in every instance Etas.

On the afternoon of January 12, 1922, the passenger train that left the city of Kure at 7 P.M. ran over and killed a schoolboy at the first crossing near the tunnel. He was the second son of a certain Mr. K.—of that city, and his appearance indicated that he was on his way home from school. In his satchel was found a note so wet with tears that it was partly blurred. It read: 'Dear Father, I cannot live longer than my thirteen years. Why was I born into such a cold and cruel world? I regret that I was ever born. I shall die on my thirteenth birthday. Your son, Kazu.' The child was a member of the segregated village, and the insults and teasing of his classmates had become unbearable. No teacher protected him. The more he distinguished himself in school the heavier became his burden.

Young women of the Eta class do not wish to marry Etas—they want to marry 'men.' . . . This passage from a heart-broken Eta wife illustrates the tragedies that are repeated from generation to generation on account of this caste prejudice: 'My husband is a man of the common people. His older brother's son wants to marry. If it becomes known that I am an Eta no girl will wed him. Therefore my husband says I must be separated from

him forever. Would it not be better for me to die?"

When a woman of Hiroshima discovered that her husband was an Eta she applied to the court for divorce, and it was granted without further question.

At last the resentment of the Etas has reached a point where it threatens the peace of whole communities. In the prefecture of Miye, a village boy was on his way home from school. He saw a bicycle by the roadside and, approaching it curiously, rang the bell, just as any boy might do. The owner rushed up and, discovering that the boy was an Eta, abused him and threw him roughly to the ground. When the lad returned home, he reported the incident and the Eta village was soon in a turmoil. The inhabitants rushed to the bicycle-owner's house and threatened him, with murder in their eyes. Reluctantly he wrote a letter of apology, and handed it to the mob. This is the penalty the Etas commonly inflict when they are in a position to have their way. Thus the trouble seemed settled for a time.

But the other inhabitants of the town

would have none of this. They repeated the proverb: 'Bow once to an Eta and you must not lift your head again for seven generations.' So they determined to recover the letter of apology. Three hundred men armed with spears, guns, and swords prepared to attack the Eta village. There were only seventy Etas capable of fighting, and their chance of victory seemed slight indeed. So they resorted to strategy and sent members of their party to set fire to the homes of their opponents and thus distract their attention until reinforcements from other Eta villages could arrive. This was the night of August 22, 1922. It was dark and cloudy, and there were not even stars to illumine the skies. The two forces were arrayed on opposite sides of a rice-field from one o'clock until three o'clock in the morning. Bloodshed seemed imminent as they advanced stealthily toward each other. Just then, however, a man of authority appeared and prevailed upon the two parties to negotiate. Finally it was arranged that the letter of apology be deposited in the village archives.

THE WIDOW WOMAN'S SON

BY C. O'LEARY

From the *Manchester Guardian*, August 8
(ENGLISH RADICAL LIBERAL DAILY)

MARY MURNANE, the widow woman, and her son Declan, aged sixteen, were driving the roan cow and the calf to the fair of Reengaroga. The calf did not know it was going to be sold, but the cow knew — old Fan was a knowing one. If it was not to the fair they were going Declan would have had only to walk on in front and the cow would have fol-

lowed him. But as it was to the fair they were going she was sullen and obstinate, and held back her haunches to be walloped. Now and then she would plod on in meditation for a while and at last low out a lament as she turned a great eye full of pity on the frisking calf, her white-furred child, and he investigating every puddle, ditch,

and bush, as is the way with children going their first journey on the roads. As they came near to the village Declan, with hazel upraised, was running to this side and that, keeping the cow and the calf from mixing with their tribe, proud droves from Kerry that trotted by on the road to the fair.

The cow and the calf were to be sold to make up the fees for Declan's priesting. Father Lydon had said to Mary Murnane: 'Send the gossoon to the seminary, so that he may attain to be a priest of God.' The widow woman had said: 'It is the dearest wish of my heart, Father, if he is my only one itself, but where at all am I to find the money needful to priest the boy?' And Father Lydon had said: 'Do as my father did. Sell a cow every year to pay the fees.'

The boy's heart was a well of piety, and yet on such a day as this a wafer of farmer's blood stirred in it. He admired the points of the cattle thronging the fair green as he drove his cow and calf to a spare remote little patch at the foot of the rough, winding boreen that led up to the chapel on the hill. There, he thought, the four of them would be under the protection of the Church. From all about there came to him the noise of the fair — cattle lowing, sheep bleating, lambs wailing, donkeys braying, horses neighing, pigs grunting, carts creaking. And there were the human sounds — furious bargaining, Cheap John shouting his wares, a laborers' quarrel, a ballad on a murder, the fiddler's jig.

Sometimes a jobber approached, struck Fan on the flank, and asked what price they might be asking for the pair of beasts. His mother blushed, and put the onus of responsibility upon him. She was shy of townspeople, and not often did she bargain at fairs. 'Twenty-five the young fellow will be asking,' she explained; 'he wants the money for his studies, or he'd never let

sell his cow.' The jobbers listened only to the price; they threw up their hands in amazed silence, not deigning to bargain.

As the morning wore on the price came down to twenty-three, but the widow woman grew bolder in disputation. But if outwardly she was flushed and crossed with combat, there was a gentle wistfulness in her heart, for in her mind's eye she saw Declan in golden and white vestments stooping over the bread and lifting up the chalice, or in black vestments saying the Dead Mass for herself, or in the long cope of the Benediction holding aloft the flaming monstrance, drenching the congregation with the grace of God. No, she would not take a penny less than twenty-three pounds.

The boy was as dumb and quiet as the cow, with her solemn stare, as she chewed the cud placidly, bored with the arguments of which she was the subject. Now and then she would turn round to see that the calf was there, and would lick his nose. It might seem to an observer there that the action resembled that of the widow as she placed her hand tenderly on her son's shoulder when she brought the price down to twenty-two pounds.

Declan's thoughts were of the cloister. He watched the curate going up the boreen to the chapel — the curate was reading his office. How quiet the chapel looked, away from all this noise, anger, and profanity. There was peace up there — from the fairs and diversions of the world to turn away to the church, reading your office. Tim O'Connell, a neighbor of the Murnanes, was a student at the seminary. Tim had whetted Declan's desire to be a priest by descriptions of the day-to-day life of the seminary, and of the wonderful aftermath of novitiate, tonsure, and vow, the ordination and the life as a dedicated spirit, with consecra-

tions, baptisms, marriages, absolvings, anointings. 'A priest forever!' A thrill, like a spike of fire, ran through Declan. Allelu, they were bargaining again!

A jobber — a hill of fat he was, but as straight as a round tower, and with a great red face that had the expression of a cow's, except for the sharp twinkle of his eyes — was marking the cow's flank with a lump of soil. Declan's mother was screaming and daring them to lay the sign of possession on the cow. The usual small crowd had gathered. There were the jobber's accomplices, several intermediaries, and a few neutrals.

The argument wore on:

'For the last time — sixteen.'

'I'll take them home. I've my own grass, and they can fatten themselves agin the next fair. Drive them on away home, Declan!'

'Do so, then. Lemme out of this after all the time I'm wasting.'

'Hould on, Mr. Phelan, for the love of God. The widow will accommodate you.'

'Is there a rack between ye when all is spoken?'

'Eighteen? If the Pope said twenty — if you said twenty-two now.'

'Twenty, I'll take you. Drive them away.'

One of the jobber's accomplices switched the cow, who trotted up the hilly boreen. Declan watched his cow plodding up the boreen on her own, but his interest was diverted by a lamb that bounded through his legs with a bleat. And as his elders were contending between twenty and twenty-two Declan looked at the lovely creature, and the melody of his soul was, 'Lamb of God, who takest away the sins of the world, spare us, O Lord!' A laborer with porter on his beard rushed in and caught the lamb by the legs. 'I bought her with the ewe,' he explained.

The argument, like all the eloquence

of fair day, seemed to be carried on without reference to the merits of the beasts involved. The jobbers know at first glance the value of the beasts, and the seller's purpose in holding out is to get at the value that the jobber has secretly assessed. But now this jobber looked at the white calf and said: 'All color and no beef! Where is the cow strayed? To every cow her calf.'

'That's as the saint said,' the widow woman replied — she would play her last card. 'And sure the saints have every right to help me out in this.'

'How could the saints help what's wrong?' said the jobber, winking to the crowd.

'How could the saints do other than help me to find the money to make a priest out of the young fellow?'

The jobber lowered his voice and touched her elbow, as if seeking to cut the crowd off from this affair.

'Is it that has you vexed? Is it money for the priesting of himself you're wanting?'

'It is so, and may Saint Patrick be my witness and he a herdsman of the hills.'

'In that case look — and the Lord might strike me, and this not to be my final word.' The jobber took off his hat and blessed himself. He put his hat on again, and said rapidly, 'I'll fly out of my senses and give you twenty-one.'

'Is it robbing the Church of wan dirty pound you would be?' said the widow, intent on securing her victory.

There were shouts now by the intermediaries: 'Divide the pound!'

The 'spaykers' for each side clutched the hands of the principals, but the widow woman turned her head away.

'I might divide if — ' said the jobber. 'There's great power in a young priest's first Mass. Will he remember to say the first Mass for myself?'

'It's for his poor father's soul he'll say the first Mass.'

'Will he say the second Mass for me?'

'Ask him.'

'Will you say your second Mass on the altar of God for your old customer Dan Phelan, whose money priested you?'

The boy looked toward his mother, who nodded.

'I will so, with the help of God.'

The jobber took the boy's hand and slapped the palm vigorously. Then he took the widow's hand and slapped the

palm more gently. Then he looked at the calf.

'Where's my cow?' he said.

'She strayed east the boreen.'

'Go after Fan, Dec, and drive her for this generous man.'

Declan ran up against the boreen, weeping as he went. A priest forever! At the summit of the boreen he found the cow grazing the curate's field. The cow held up her snout to be kissed. Declan knew that old Fanny, resenting the fact that the Church was grazing upon her, had decided to leave the fair and graze upon the Church.

THE PASTOR FROM POGSEE

BY JACQUES DE COUSSANGE

[This article is an extended review of a very popular post-war German novel.]

From *La Revue Bleue*, August 18
(NATIONALIST LITERARY AND POLITICAL BIMONTHLY)

A NOVEL that depicts the life of the German peasants during the war, and that expresses the thoughts of a village pastor on this war and on the defeat and revolution that followed, has every claim on our interest. This is all the more true because Gustave Frenssen, the author, is himself a pastor, just like his hero, living in the very village where the action of the novel takes place, that is, in southern Holstein, not far from Kiel and north of Hamburg. Furthermore, Gustave Frenssen is a popular German author. He came to fame in 1901 after publishing *Jörn Uhl*, which sold three hundred thousand copies. His later works include *Die Landgräfin*, *Die drei Getrennten*,

Hilligenlei, *Peter Moors Fahrt*, and they have won similar success. At the end of 1914 he wrote an epic story of Bismarck, an apotheosis of the Chancellor that he had worked on for several years, inspired by his anxiety over his country's policies, which seemed to him to stray further and further from the path laid down by the founder of united Germany.

Gustave Frenssen's realism is a sure guaranty for the truth of his pictures. In spite of its heaviness and length, this book holds our attention from beginning to end, and one cannot fail to recognize its epic natural beauty, its simple grandeur, expressed in episodes taken from the real life of men.

The hero, Adam Barfood, was the son of a carpenter who spent all his life in helping his neighbors, and who died in poverty. Adam, who was very much like him, selected the vocation of a pastor, so that he might aid human suffering even more effectively. When studying at the university he was almost entirely occupied with getting his friends out of scrapes and various troubles in which they were involved. In spite of his intelligence, he passed his examinations poorly, mainly because his examiners found nothing ecclesiastic about him: he had kept the aspect of a peasant. Fortunately the bishop perceived that he had that ability to console his fellow men which people always look for in their priests. He loved everyone around him. He had the highest esteem for the kind of spirit that does not know what laziness is, that practical, optimistic spirit that triumphs over the greatest difficulties. So they gave him a parish church among fishermen by the sea.

This pastor turned out to be a singular sort of character, and the people spoke of him frequently as he became better known in the diocese. His two objects of worship were Christ and Goethe. 'Jesus is not our Master in all things,' he said. 'Far from it. He is in certain matters a guide of humanity. He is the guide for those who, as people did in His day, look only at the heavens. But in this way He has made his followers neglect the world around them too much. Goethe, on the contrary, is our master in everything.' That is why he preached the gospel of Goethe above everything else — of Goethe, whose pious eye scrutinized men and the world.

His sermons, as can well be imagined in the light of what I have said, were not weighed down with dogma or theology. They were simple and alive. Adam Barfood tried to fill his congrega-

tion with the spirit of justice, mercy, and 'the pious sentiment of humanity.'

The life of Adam Barfood and his wife Gude ran smoothly along these lines. While she was not at all the new type of clergyman's wife, she had a gay, lively, impulsive spirit, and did not read a single book the whole year long. It was the same with their four children. A constant battle with poverty went on in their house, but they were happy, none the less, for around them were the lives of the parishioners. First at Hoppstrupp, and then at Pogsee, Adam Barfood was a kind of Vicar of Wakefield, in a different country and of a different day.

At this point we come to the eve of the war. At the marriage of his daughter, the pastor of Pogsee gave a toast with a naive touch to it. 'We Germans,' he said, 'live in a happy and humane epoch. Order prevails among us. We do our work with pleasure. The peasant has become a rich man; the small workman an important one. The German people lead sober, sunny, well-ordered lives. As for the Emperor, inasmuch as his impulsive nature drives him on a course that zigzags from one side to the other, many people are anxious, but no one despises or hates him. Everybody likes him, for he is a good fellow who means well. If, after mounting to the heavens, he suddenly loses his courage, that is because he is a true German, because his blood is our blood, his flesh our flesh. But he is surrounded by men who are all more or less disciples of Bismarck, not only in forcefulness, but also in wisdom and prudence. So we shall continue to live in peace and honor.' He proposed a cheer for the German people and for his Emperor, which was given with enthusiasm by all those present. Such were the relations of the pastor and his friends during their country's prosperity.

The war breaks out. ‘The Germans did not want it, nor did the other people,’ thinks Adam Barfood. ‘The Governments are responsible for it.’

Within a few days messages of death began to arrive regularly, which Adam had to deliver to each family — a depressing, terrible task that made him participate in the sorrow of all these homes. His own offspring, too, were taken. For a long time they were preserved, but both his sons were killed within a few days of each other, and one of his daughters also died of the gripe. The daughter that was left was lamed by a wagon that she prevented from running over some children. The pastor himself was accused by his parishioners of being responsible for a fire that destroyed the rectory. They thought he did this to get the precious objects that had been placed in his care. After this he had to live in a poor cabin, suffering terrible privations, like his neighbors. Cupboards were empty, and children died by thousands. This was in the third year of the war. People thought that no one would come back from the front. The daughter of the pastor was in despair. ‘I am twenty-nine years old,’ she wept. ‘At that age mother already had a husband and children. As for me, in the morning I have to dig in the garden and in the afternoon teach school.’

The agony of the war, radiating from the front lines, extended in every direction. It was as if humanity were being engulfed. Laughter had entirely ceased; influenza and tuberculosis spared no one. Even those who were not sick were crushed with misery. ‘The Germans used to be a decent people. Now filth and leprosy eat into them body and soul.’ From Kiel and Hamburg people came, especially workers, whose clothes showed that they were used to living comfortably. They scoured the

country for food; they begged at the peasants’ doors with tears in their eyes for a little wheat, potato, and fats. More and more came every day; but there were other processions, too. Traitors and deserters, fleeing the field of battle, came north, men of the lowest classes: vagabonds, smugglers, burglars who stole what they could, and went and sold the fruits of their theft in the cities. ‘What is good and what is evil,’ they said, ‘when we know what the rich officers do?’

The law made everything worse. It protected the rascals, it crushed the poor. Immorality increased among the young people in the cities, who had no schools and were without parental authority.

‘Wait until we are victorious,’ said Adam Barfood. ‘The day will come and then we shall again be the purest people in the world.’ But people replied: ‘When we shall conquer! When we shall conquer! Will it be a victory?’

All kinds of melancholy forebodings drifted about. Everything seemed equally vague, unjust, and false. Everyone waited for some great catastrophe. This mood was particularly strengthened by the small rations. People of a noble cast of mind nursed their sorrow in private and made it solace them.

‘And more than everything else, the horrible lie that other people accused Germany of having desired war weighed down people’s hearts. . . . “Are we a cruel, warlike people, we, who regard ourselves as the best nation in the world? Everybody is against us. They want to take away our ships, our gold, and our provinces. Why did God desire this? Is it His will?”’

A Socialist whom Adam Barfood met answered this question: ‘We lived forty years under Bismarck, a hard and cruel man. He dealt unjustly with the Danes and the French. The Germans

were brutal, their officials haughty. Other nations said: "What is all this coming to?" We had a large army, we also wanted to have a powerful fleet, and the rest of the world grew anxious. The leaders whom the Emperor selected were not well chosen. They were easily put off their course. I do not accuse our Emperor, although like our officials and officers he is proud. He is not without nobility. I am certain that he did not desire the war. I accuse everybody. Since the time of Bismarck we have become unjust and avaricious, shortsighted and lazy, and toward other people we have been boastful and arrogant. Even when the war broke out there was a way to stop it.'

'What you say astonishes me,' replied Adam Barfood. 'Our nation is to blame through neglect and sordid aims.'

At the end of 1918, the revolution broke out in Kiel. Automobiles full of mutinous sailors flew up and down the roads. Half-dressed, defeated soldiers wandered about through the fields. Two officers shamefacedly showed their uniforms from which the epaulets had been torn. Young men and women who had worked together in the factories went about in bands, armed with revolvers, robbing and holding up travelers for their money.

The most noticeable thing in this novel is the sombre despair that the disaster had laid on the German people. The disorder, the uprisings, were not the result of exasperated patriotism. They were not the vengeance of oppressed, deceived classes. They marked the dissolution of a State, of a nation that was only superficially policed. The scene before the war on the day when the pond at Pogsee was drained, when the sacristan and his mistress, both in disguise, were stopped by the pastor, the flagellation, and the Passion of Christ — these all are monstrously

gross. The invasion of the church after the Armistice is a piece of unheard-of savagery.

After the barriers were once broken down the German people were dominated by their primitive and brutal instincts. Another indication of this is the manner in which the pastor, who himself had shown surprising liberty in his relations with his first fiancée, absolved his daughter under peculiar circumstances, thereby showing a fairly relaxed moral sense. He did not merely pardon the daughter, he praised her, when, unable to get a husband, she became the mistress of a married man who was the father of several children. His dean reproached him for the life his daughter was leading, and Adam opened the window, summoned the young woman, and showed her calloused hands to the old churchman. 'She works from morning until night,' he declared. 'She has had a maternal nature since childhood, but she has not been able to get married. If you have any feeling for human values, you will not condemn her.' These words are not without beauty and justice, even though they were presented as a plea for indulgence.

A child was born to this union. The first time that Adam saw him he took him in his arms, raised him aloft, and cried: 'God grant that he become a real European German. Yes, he and his children will be witnesses of the glory of a greater Germany than ever existed before. He will see the German people return to their honest cult of Goethe, in order to fulfill their destiny and become the true heart of Europe.'

Adam Barfood surmounted every temptation that assailed him, owing to his love for all living creatures. He even substituted faith in the future for his patriotic despair. This Socialist partisan of the Hohenzollerns delivered a long sermon to his parishioners, a new

'discourse to the German people,' in which he searched their conscience and showed them the path they should follow: 'Although we Germans entered the war in a holy, pious spirit, looking toward God, His face is turned away from us. Beaten and, worse than beaten, dishonored, we protest our innocence.

'O Lord, a whole nation walks in debase ment and you see them not. The face of humanity turns on them with an expression of disgust that signifies "These Germans are a corrupt folk. All the world is free, but the German people must be chained like wild animals." Before the war the people said that we were secretly armed, that we declared war cunningly, that we made war inhumanly, burned towns and villages for pure love of destruction, that we killed defenseless prisoners. We have been forced to acknowledge it, and then they say: "These tigers must have their claws drawn. No, they are not even tigers, they are hyenas, the trash of humanity." Our defenses have been taken away from us, our privileges as a free nation, our colonies, our fleet, our rivers, nine millions of our brothers; and this German people that used to be so exalted, that had such model homes, such well-dressed children, whose old men warmed themselves in the sun-light on a bench by the door, is now covered with mire. We are living in a swamp. Must we justify ourselves? How can we? History is not the judgment of God. When the catastrophe overcame us, when the war, defeat, and revolution fell upon us, we knew very well that it was not all the justice of God.

'What were our sins? There were three of them. Big, rich nations, a few in number, occupied the first rank. We took place among them because of our science and industry, but we did not cultivate the correct manner. All of

us, from the Emperor down, lacked foresight. We did not have a keen ear. We did not discern things clearly and we lacked distinction. The whole world turned on us, and we were too blind to see it. Then the war came, and we were friendless. That is how we were defeated.

'When the storm broke, our Government declared: "It will not shatter us. We are made of granite." But we were not made of granite, and everybody knew it. The French were granite, the English, even the Serbs whose territory was invaded. They were dispersed and routed, yet they remained a nation. The United States is made of granite, but the Germans and the Russians were not. No, the Germans were like a block with a flaw in the middle of it. When any two of us met, never did one have the same opinions, the same thoughts, or the same belief as the other. One of them would be a bourgeois; he loved the Emperor, the officers, the officials, the Church, and the banks. The other would be a workman; he loved the Republic, democracy, militia, free thought and free belief, equality, and he wanted everything else dispensed with. We know that this great flaw existed. With a democratic constitution we should be able to patch it up, but we will not do it, and we may crumble like the Russians.

'In the third place, we have been too happy for the last fifty years. We have only thought of eating and drinking. We have not had that noble, holy faith that unifies and exalts a whole nation. These are the reasons why we were beaten.

'But why should not the German people come back again? Are the other people much better than us? The French have more thirst for glory than any nation in the world. Their blood has flowed from the Mississippi to Moscow. They are courageous and proud,

but their victory is bitter and cruel. How light their conscience is and their attitude toward life! How superficial their acts, their meditations, their prayers!"

The pastor contrasts the virtues of the German people with the faults of the French, compares their defeat 'against twenty enemies' to that of a stag pulled down by hounds, to Greece and the Persians, Carthage and Rome, the Netherlands and Spain.

Germany will come out of the abyss into which she has fallen, but she must first recover her dignity, again becoming the people of Goethe; and in order to do that, Weimar must triumph over Potsdam, the Imperial flag must be joined with the flag of the workmen. Unity will again come into being, and will again express German honor and the highest thoughts.

Such is the conscience-searching, which makes Germany's chief sins lack of polish and of unity—although one might object that even the German

Socialists served their Government well during the war. Frenssen adds to these defects worldly pride and the domination of material instincts since 1870. Here he comes close to the truth, but he does not insist upon this point, and takes no trouble to develop it. He dismisses responsibility for the war. He says that the ambition of Germany, which menaced the liberty of the world, turned upon itself, and rended her own people. It is hardly necessary to point out that the Allies were not, as he says, twenty in number.

He does not recognize that the enemies of Germany were also defending their existence, and he falls into the worst kind of pride when he claims that his country's mission is to express the great ideals of Europe. Germany has here recovered her arrogance but not her self-esteem. In the midst of the chaos and corruption of the picture, the preaching of this writer, this pastor in the northern marshes, is the most striking thing of all.

TRAVELING IN ROBBER COUNTRY

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

From the *North China Herald*, August 25
(SHANGHAI BRITISH WEEKLY)

For the past three years travel on the inland waterways of Kwangsi has been fraught with much danger. Certain stretches of the river are held by robber bands who stop all boats and demand a heavy toll in order to let the boats proceed on their way unmolested. The lawless bands are well organized, having their leaders, their distinguishing flags, their 'Peace Delegates' through

whom all negotiations with travelers are made, and are well armed, with both rifles and small field guns. There are also smaller disconnected bands who every now and then come out to the river banks and loot and kidnap at pleasure. Under these conditions travel is necessarily limited, but occasionally one must travel, and then the unfortunate traveler must be prepared to meet

without flinching whatever awaits him.

A few weeks ago it became necessary for me to make a visit to Wuchow. I was then stationed in Liuchow. It was only very occasionally that a boat could be secured, for the exorbitant rates charged by the robbers had compelled most of the launches to cease running. Finally, however, a launch appeared and we started on the 250-mile down-river journey.

There were but few passengers on board, but there was one in whom I was especially interested. He was a young man of about thirty, well dressed, with a military bearing, and carrying but little baggage. I was thrown into his company by the fact that, by mistake or otherwise, he got into my sleeping-place. He was very pleasant, however, and, as I have learned, even from the most selfish motives it is good policy to be kind to strangers. I therefore lent him some reading and began to make friends. Later the boatmen whispered to me that my new friend was the robbers' representative sent up to discuss with them the amount of money to be paid for the down-river trip. This man was to travel with us until the last robber barrier had been passed and he was the medium of communication between the boatmen and the robber bands along the way. I sat beside my friend at mealtimes and learned from him that these robber bands were disbanded soldiers who were now looting for a livelihood.

At the beginning of the journey all went well. The first evening we reached Stone Dragon market, and here we commenced negotiations with the first robber bands. The robbers were stationed in two groups on the west side of the Liu River just below the mouth of the Red River. They had sent men, however, up as far as Stone Dragon market to open parleys. The robbers came on board and discussed the situa-

tion, but it was after midnight before an agreement was entered into and the money paid over. I heard them talking and watched them as their little boat pulled away from the launch and started downstream in the darkness for the robber rendezvous.

The next morning we opened boat and started on our eventful journey. We reached the place where the robbers were stationed, and even before the launch stopped we could see armed men scattered along the bank in the long grass with their rifles thrown over their shoulders. To me it was an unpleasant sight, for it looked too much like the company of bandits who two years ago captured me and after tying me up with ropes led me off a prisoner to the mountains. Our little boat went to the shore with the Peace Delegate and took the required amount of money, but the robbers insisted that rice should be given them as well. This request was, of course, acceded to. I kept hidden, but occasionally peered out to see what was being done.

The first two robber barriers were passed in safety, and about noon of the second day we reached the spot where other money must be paid to the robbers that held the river farther down. Several robber leaders came on board, and after deciding the amount that must be paid, over \$1000 in all, some of them were sent down the river in a little boat to notify the bands that the money had been paid over. We were asked to remain where we were until the next morning, which we did.

There was one band of robbers down the river which had been robbing at leisure and only the day before had opened fire on a small launch that was coming upstream. This company, while connected with the others, were dissatisfied with the amount of money which their crowd were receiving as their share of the plunder, and there-

fore would not promise what they would do when our launch appeared. Our launch, however, had paid over the \$1000 to be divided among them all, and next morning we started out thinking that there would be no trouble. In fact we had several robber leaders on board with us and they guaranteed a safe trip.

We had not traveled very far when the first stop was made. Armed men on the shore called for the boat to stop, which we did, and sent a little boat to shore to speak to them. Seeing that their own men were with us, and receiving the assurance that the money had been paid over, they said it was all right and we started on again. We had not gone far, however, when again we were halted. I heard the shouting and peered out between the canvas and saw armed men standing on the river bank, waving their hands and shouting for the launch to stop. The launch blew her whistle in answer and immediately slowed down, turned round, and came up to where the men were standing. We did not pull in to shore, but stopped in the centre of the stream and untied the little boat ready for the boatmen to go ashore.

The robber representative was about to get into the boat when the first shots were fired. I was at the side of the launch brushing my teeth, in full view of the robbers, when the shooting began, but did not have the least idea that they would shoot to kill, thinking they were simply firing to intimidate the crew and make them willing to hand over extra money. I therefore continued to brush away, but when the bullets began to crash through the sides of the boat I joined in the stampede and rushed inside to my wife, and then lay flat on the floor with the others while the bullets whistled overhead.

The boatmen, seeing that there was to be no opportunity for consultation with the robbers, quickly pulled back to the launch, which started her engines and turned round and ran for safety. The bullets came thick and fast after us. It was only a few minutes, however, before we got out of range of the shooting and I thought no harm had been done. I arose first and tried to pick my way among the prostrate passengers to the front of the boat, when I saw we had been hit badly. The launch captain was crouching in a corner with a bullet hole through his leg from which the blood was flowing freely; two others were lying prostrate on their backs, their faces covered with blood, with little pools of blood by their side into which they were unconsciously rolling. One of the men had been shot in the back of the head and the bullet had come out of his mouth. The other man had been shot behind the ear and the bullet had gone crashing through his left eye, while a fourth man had been struck on the nose.

I had some bandages and a few disinfectants with me and so, with the help of others, dressed the wounds and tried to make the wounded more comfortable. One of them died, however, in a few hours.

There were still other places of danger farther down the river, so most of the passengers and crew sought shelter among the cargo at the bottom of the boat. Men and women huddled together and trembled at every fresh sign of danger. Others remained on top, but sought protection behind the bags of rice and rolls of cowhides that formed the cargo.

The remainder of the journey was made in safety, but since then very few of the launches have attempted to make the run.

SHISHU BHOLANATH, OR THE INFANT LORD FORGETFUL

BY RABINDRANATH TAGORE

Translated by Harindranath Chattopadhyaya

[*Modern Review*]

O INFANT Lord all self-oblivious!
With hands uplifted thus
You dance your fiery dance that never ceases,
And while the rapture of your steps increases,
Creation on creation crumbles into pieces.
Forever you destroy
In self-oblivion your wealth of joy;
In a storm-cycle whirl'd
Dances the flying toy-dust of your world,
For always your salvation
Lies in the shattered toys of your creation,
In play-destruction, Lord, you seek play-preservation.

O Destitute! To you all things are nothing worth.
Your hands can bring to birth
All they desire, and strike
Creation out of anything they like!
Your garments slip to dust, since naught can cover
Your body in its whirl, my dancing Lover!
Naked and bare, unconscious of the world around,
In rhythms of inward rapture drown'd —
Nor dust nor poverty can touch you in your trance.
All weariness is lost within your whirling dance!

O Infant Lord! I would accounted be
One of your dancers, being your devotee.
Pour into me your deep
Intoxicating all-forgetful sleep.
Oh, let me learn your toy-destroying play;
Teach me to break the worlds which night and day
I mould into creation.
Make me a rhythm in your dance-intoxication!

A PAGE OF VERSE

A DREAM OF DEFEATED BEAUTY

BY 'A. E.' (G. W. RUSSELL)

[*Irish Statesman*]

ALL day they played in gardens hid amid golden towers
That made the blue burn deeper above their world of flowers.
Within their flaring gardens the pools drank in the sky,
And the light shining figures that flamed or fluttered by.
There lute or harp string sounded from noon to eventide,
And every voice that murmured a mirror was to pride.
All day on play and music the young queen feasted deep:
Her happy heart foretelling of night and love and sleep,
When he unto whose glory the earth made sacrifice
Would give all to make richer the dark of lovely eyes.
Within her palace chamber the purple slumbrous shade
At midnight slowly lightened where the young queen was laid;
And moonlight marbled over flower foam and jewel sheen,
And carved in pearl and mystery the white limbs of the queen.
The young queen smiled in slumber as if in dream she knew
What dragons chained lay sleeping; what horns for battle blew;
And who would bow the genii from thrones of blinding fire
To send their airy children to dance at her desire.
The young queen paled in slumber as if she there had known
Some majesty unbending on some unconquered throne.
Where had she soared in slumber? And who was this who came
Making the dusk all starry with plumes of magic flame?
Who mourned in lofty sorrow above the body's pride,
'This Babylon that I have built,' and bowed its head and sighed.

ON A CERTAIN POEM

BY BARRÉ CHATTERTON

[*Chapbook*]

THE king returned from the sea, the paid court poets burst
Into strange rhapsodies of wild occasional verse,
Piling extravagance upon unlimited extravagance: 'O king,' they chanted,
'Thou art' — and here followed many lines of praise, quite unfounded.
But being a people quite unusual in their attitude, their strains
Had a queer far-away beauty, holding their world in chains.

LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

TO FIND A GENTLEMAN

Per trovare un galantuomo is the title of a comedy in three acts by Forzano and Paolieri, of which the *Corriere della Sera* says: —

'In order to find a gentleman you must go and look for one in the galleys. Such is the conclusion reached by the watchmaker Antonio Bettelloni and his wife Prassede. These two old people, quiet and agreeable, prosperous and honest, have put aside a little fortune, the object of wistful sighs on the part of poor relatives who await the inheritance. But one night an unexpected complication arises: Signor Antonio surprises in his store a ragged youth stealing watches. He wants to call the police, but upon second thought he is moved to pity by the exhausted face and the stiff, cold hands of the boy, and makes him tell his story. The boy is alone in the world. He never knew who his mother was. His father has been imprisoned for murder. He has not eaten for thirty-six hours, and his habitual life is that of hunger, cold, no home, and no clothes. In half an hour the young thief finds himself at the family table of the Bettellonis before a steaming hot, fragrant supper. From that night on Carlino stays in the clean little house, and it becomes plain that he is going to be adopted.

'Gossip on the part of the relatives disappointed in their expectations grows and reaches the house of Signor Antonio. He is informed that all Florence knows his Carlino is nothing but the offspring of Signora Prassede herself, who committed a faux pas eighteen years ago, during his long absence in Geneva. Signor Antonio is indignant at first, then he wants to laugh, but his laugh is hysterical. Little by little his

faith in his companion is shattered. He goes to the municipal office to obtain the birth record of Carlino, only to find that Carlino had been brought to the foundling asylum a newborn baby, that his father took him out later, but that no trace was ever found of his mother.

'It is impossible to carry such a burden in one's heart. Signor Antonio must speak, and he speaks to his wife. It seems easy for her to reestablish her innocence, and easy for him to believe her. But calumny has instilled in their minds thoughts that keep recurring at every conversation, at every mention of the past, and that torment them both incessantly. Furthermore, incensed by the scandal that grows around their names and by the nightly noise made under their windows, the old couple finally ask Carlino to leave their house.

'But this does not suit the projects of certain parents, who decide, for the sake of Signor Antonio's inheritance, to give their daughter in marriage to Carlino, and they now persuade the young man to declare that Signora Prassede is really his mother, and that he does not want to leave her. This they accomplish easily, and then proceed to see Carlino's father in his prison cell and ask him to give out a public statement to the effect that Signora Prassede is Carlino's mother.

'And here the *galantuomo* is found. The prisoner says that he had killed a man, to be sure, but he will not calumniate an honest woman. The truth is established and all are happy.

'The atmosphere is the best part of the play, and especially the scandal, which has always been one of the attainments of the vernacular play-

wrights. The language of the small bourgeoisie to which the characters belong has all the spice, the quick rattle, the wit, and the elegance of the Tuscan speech. But when the authors try to bring out the moral of their creation, the language becomes devoid of spontaneous grace. The reception was cordial and the play is going to be repeated.'

*

MORE ABOUT THAT BYRON LETTER

THE more faithful readers of this valuable portion of the magazine will remember that in our issue of September 15 we printed a letter written by Byron to the editor of *Galignani's Messenger*, in which the poet emphatically denied having had anything to do with a work entitled *The Vampire*. The original letter was discovered by the Queen of Rumania.

Imagine, then, the surprise of the literary editor of the *Dallas Times-Herald*, when, refreshed and strengthened by his weekly perusal of the *Living Age*, he was confronted with what appeared to be the identical document. It had been pasted to the flyleaf of a handsomely bound volume which bore the chaste title, *The Works of Lord Byron, Including the Suppressed Poems*. This book had been printed in Paris in 1826 by A. and W. Galignani and brought to Texas by the father of one of the *Times-Herald* employees. The handwriting appeared to be authentic, if illegible in spots, but comparison with the *Living Age* and Queen of Rumania version revealed a few discrepancies. The conclusion drawn by the literary editor of the *Times-Herald* seems to be most logical. He suggests that, on account of the sloppy appearance of the first draft, Byron copied it over neatly, changing a word here and there as he went along. It therefore looks as if Dallas and not Bucharest was in possession of the real original.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM's new play, *Our Betters*, which deals with the proverbial rich American who marries a European title, has provided Anglo-American experts with a new topic of discussion. The question, as posed by Mr. Sydney Brooks in the *Sunday Times*, seems to be whether English society is any the worse for its American colony that spends money freely on clothes, cocktails, and jazz. Twenty years ago the verdict would have been decidedly anti-American; but now that England has become emancipated most of her citizens would be pretty sure to admit that in the art of amusing themselves they have something to learn from their cousins across the sea. As for the Anglo-American marriage, there seems to be little room for argument. The advantages of wealth are not to be despised, even if the interest on the British debt is not what it used to be.

Mr. Brooks is especially impressed with the ease and speed with which American women pick up the ways of London, and he even suggests that there must be some carefully concealed school in which they learn how to behave themselves. And here we come to the gist of the whole matter. It is, of course, convenient for the English to have us foot their bills, whether it be for millinery or machine-guns; but we should never forget that we learn from them in London what we could not possibly discover in this backward country.

London liberalizes and broadens them, puts them in the way of a social experience incomparably more brilliant than any that lies open to them in their own land, and teaches them the art of life.

*

NEW SAM BUTLER CORRESPONDENCE

A SERIES of letters written by Sam Butler to his friend, the late F. G. Fleay,

has just come to light in London. Fleay, like Butler, was a Cambridge man who matriculated five years earlier at a different college. Their friendship seems to have been inspired by Fleay's admiration for *Erewhon*, and the most interesting of the letters deal with this book and its successor, *Fairhaven*. The following excerpt from one of the letters about the recently published *Erewhon* has the authentic Butler ring: —

How funny that not only I but the two friends who separately revised the sheet, should have passed such a blunder as 'the hand hidden over the face.' Of course, I will see to it and other mistakes shd. a second edition be wanted. As regards the selling of the book — while writing it I never gave money a thought, but aimed solely at efficiency. Now, I desire to gain as much by it as ever I can, and in price, &c., should be guided almost entirely by the consideration of how to make most money out of it for myself. I have thought it all over and on many grounds shall stick to this: The price is 7/6 but on asking for discount it can be had for 6/3. I know the price is high, but at 6/- I should not have gained a single penny: as it is I cannot gain more than £35, and was not disposed to have had all the trouble for nothing. Indeed, I believe I should write far better, if I were to write in hope. However — as for writing something else, I can't paint and write and keep up my music (which I love the best of the three) as well.

In *Fairhaven* the author's plan was to write a

defence of the Christian miracles (chiefly dwelling on the Resurrection), doctrine and practice, as against recent objections — and really saying everything that can be said on the Xtian side as well as one knows how — and especially pulling out the evidence for the reappearance of Xt. after the Crucifixion in a way such as never has been done yet, but after many apologies and expressions of love for our brethren, however sinful, and much insisting upon candour, &c. (I have it well expressed the peculiar line I am taking but no rat can be smelt — it is deodorised completely by

my method) taking good care that our side shall be fully & fairly . . . and then bowl it over again with the stock arguments well worded but left as they stood before.

The sale of both these books occupied his mind a good deal. He especially wanted a cheap edition of *Erewhon*. Yet he refused to stir hand or foot about getting *Fairhaven* reviewed, though his sagacity in not wanting notices of it to appear until everyone was back in London smacks of the true business man more than of the intellectual or the artist.



THE SYMBOLISTS

RÉMY DE GOURMONT once said that we needed more obscure authors. This is the text used by M. Gaston Picard in an article in *La Revue Mondiale*, in which he maintains that the school of Symbolists, the original free-verse men, has made an invaluable contribution to French literature. When they first appeared in 1886, they were regarded as demented anarchists; now one of their group, M. Henri de Régnier, is a member of the French Academy. The names of Maeterlinck, Verhaeren, Laforgue, and Paul Claudel are recognized in the most conservative circles. Claudel was even present at the Peace Conference. The Symbolists have arrived.

But what are they? That is a question even beyond their own skill to answer. Originally they were in revolt against form in general and convention in particular, but they have now established a system of writing as full of rules as anything they ever decried. Originally they believed in letting their fancy wander as it pleased, but now the Dadaists and Expressionists have a monopoly on all that sort of thing. The Symbolists have simply gone the way of all rebels and have established conventions of their own. But M. Picard is doing their memory a service

by reminding us of what they have accomplished. They have left behind them an original and important body of work. They have afforded the newer revolutionists an advanced point of departure. It is interesting to notice that most of them are French and that all their writing is in French. Of course we have our representatives in this country, but one of the most highly esteemed Symbolists was Stuart Merrill, an American who chose French as his literary medium. There seems to be no German Symbolist on record, which confirms our French critic in his faith in this vanishing school.



THE COMING FALL SEASON IN THE MILAN THEATRES

SOME of the Milanese theatres are not to change their repertoire for the coming autumn season. Others have announced new bills. Among the latter, the Carcano has announced a long opera season with the Milanese company of Bonecchi, with Maestro Mucci as orchestra-director. The operas given will be *La Tosca*, *Rigoletto*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *Ernani*, *Forza del Destino*, *La Traviata*, *Il Trovatore*, *Norma*, *La Sonnambula*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *La Favorita*, *La Gioconda*, *La Bohème*, *La Wally* (of Catalani), *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *I Pagliacci*, *Zingari*, and *Lohengrin*.

At the Theatre Verdi the spectacles of the illusionist Wetryk will take place, and an operetta company will play in the Eden. The Theatre Fossati will be the first one to reopen among those that closed for the summer. It will present in succession the illusionist Wetryk, the Polidor Company with its *Teatro della risata* (theatre of laughter), and the operetta company of Costantino Lombardo. This company will later play at the Dal Verme, where it will be succeeded by an opera troupe.

A dramatic company under the leadership of Virgilio Talli will appear in the Manzoni. This company has announced the names of several prominent artists and the following new plays to be presented: *Il Cammello* (The Camel), a drama by Enrico Cavacchioli, *L'Uccisione d'un generale in China* (The Murder of a General in China), a comedy by Gino Rocca, *Terra Malata* (Sick Earth), a rustic episode by Michele Saponaro, *Prime piogge* (The First Showers), a drama by Enrico Pea, *La volontà della specie* (The Will of the Species), a comedy by Vannucci and Gherardini, *Semplicità* (Simplicity), a comedy by Egisto Olivieri, *Amare* (To love), a comedy by Paul Gerald, and Sacha Guitry's *Cinematographic Adultery*. A dramatic season is also announced at the Teatro dei Filodrammatici. The Gerolamo announces a season of marionettes, 'the joy of the little ones and the grown-ups,' as the Italian paper puts it.

According to the *Corriere della Sera*, La Scala Theatre has definitely announced its programme for the coming season, which this year will begin earlier than usual, namely on the fourteenth of November, to last till the beginning of May 1924. Eleven operas are included which have never been presented at La Scala before. Of these the *Nerone* of Arrigo Boito (the author of *Mephistopheles*) is believed to be the coming musical sensation in and outside of Italy. The others are *I Campagnacci* of Riccitelli and *La leggenda di Sakuntala* of Franco Alfano, which have been previously presented in Rome and Buenos Aires, *Salome* of Richard Strauss, Gluck's *Orpheus*, Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, Mascagni's *Iris*, and other more familiar operas. No ballet spectacles will be given. Maestro Toscanini will be at the head of the orchestra.

BOOKS ABROAD

The Truth about Mesopotamia, Palestine, and Syria, by J. De V. Loder. London: Allen and Unwin, 1923. 7s. 6d.

[*Times*]

MR. LODER, who has considerable experience at first hand of many of the subjects with which he deals, having been a member of the Political Mission attached to General Allenby's staff during the campaign in Palestine and the first months after the Armistice, has set himself a difficult task. To tell the truth about so complex a situation as that which has developed in the Arab provinces released from Turkish rule involves treading on the coras of so many conflicting interests. Many people are concerned in securing the light of publicity only for their own side of a polygonal question, and may resent the way in which Mr. Loder finds space not only for their point of view but for the arguments of their opponents and for his own dispassionate setting of these bright jewels of controversy. He writes from his own personal experience, he quotes official reports and documents compiled by painstaking courts of inquiry or impartial observers, and he prints a number of texts of the various letters and diplomatic or administrative instruments which have helped to create or to mitigate the unrestful situation in Mesopotamia, Syria, and Palestine which he surveys.

It is the opinion of many influential Frenchmen that as France and Great Britain are of necessity and by long tradition rivals in the Near East it is unwise to expect too much of the Entente in those lands. Certainly the collaboration between British and French in Syria and Palestine has been less whole-hearted and less successful than in some other parts of the world. Mr. Loder explains fully how this came about.

The British Government, hard-pressed by war, and multitudinous and often overlapping in its war-time organization, entered into obligations with its right hand of which its left hand knew very little, and allowed its left hand a similar liberty in other directions. It may have thought that its obligations to the Arabs and to the French were mutually reconcilable, but neither the French nor the Arabs shared that view, and whatever action the British Government took was, therefore, bound to be reprobated by one or other of its Allies.

To add to its troubles, the almost tropical vigor of the growth of the modern theories of nationalism on a soil for centuries devoted to harvests garnered on a purely religious basis was

upsetting to administrations hampered by the necessity of confining their activities within the limited scope permitted by the Laws and Usages of War. If any departure was made from the painful attempts to make the broken-down and often deliberately wrecked Turkish administrative machine function new, Nationalists at once said that the British were aiming at permanent annexation. If the old system was tinkered up the British were accused of being no better than the Turks. If native talent was employed the administrative results were in many cases unsatisfactory; if imported talent was employed local resentment flared up. Allies were as a rule more ready to receive than to give, and Mr. Loder quotes instances of Arab Nationalists who were ready to regard both British and French as being as much their enemies as the Turks had been, and of others who sought the help of the defeated but unsubdued Turks against the very men who had been fighting to rescue them from the Ottoman rule.

Then there was the 'Zionist Complication,' which has been such an irritant in the opinion of the Arab Congress in Palestine, and has led, directly or indirectly, to a constitutional impasse which reminds the beholder of some of the troublous Stuart days in our own country. The catchwords are the same, although perhaps the cause is different. Lord Robert Cecil, who contributes a 'Foreword' to the book, writes in support of the Zionist experiment which he hopes will remove an anomaly.

Mr. Loder's book is useful as a compact and trustworthy record of the salient facts of a very complicated situation — one which is only being slowly adjusted, and that on lines which can hardly expect to make for a permanent settlement even if they effect a temporary relief.

Claud Lovat Fraser, by John Drinkwater and Albert Rutherford. London: Heinemann, 1923.

The Book of Claud Lovat Fraser, by Haldane Macfall. London: Dent, 1923. 25s.

[*Times Literary Supplement*]

Of these two tributes to the young artist who died tragically in youth, yet not before he had linked his name to the immortality of *The Beggar's Opera*, the volume of beautiful reproductions to which Mr. Drinkwater and Mr. Rutherford contribute essays is the more magnificent; it is also the official biographical record. Mr. Haldane Macfall, a third among Fraser's many friends, offers a supplement, and by no means a

valueless one. His book contains a further series of Fraser's designs (mostly done for two works of Mr. Macfall's, *The Splendid Wayfaring*, and the play called *The Three Students*) and a variety of personal impressions, which, in spite of touches of egoism, elucidate Mr. Drinkwater's graceful essay.

We need all the light we can get, for the life of any man of genius who dies young is an enigma, and Claud Lovat Fraser's perhaps more than most. Not only was he cut down just at the blossoming of his power, but from his thirty-one years several that he could not afford to lose were snatched by a hostile destiny. Five were stolen in whole or part by the war; that loss he shared with many comrades in art. But it appears from Mr. Macfall's account that in January 1914 fortune brushed him with her wing and cruelly flitted by. In that month Herbert Tree after considerable hesitation rejected *The Three Students*, for which Fraser had prepared the setting. 'I nearly whimpered,' the stricken artist murmured to the more stoical author. He had reason. If fame had come in 1914 instead of 1920 it would have made a deep difference, for Fraser was invalidated home early in the war. The extra years of secure achievement might have shown a good deal more of the stuff that was in him.

The Farington Diary. Volume II. August 1802 to September 1804. London: Hutchinson; New York: Doran, 1923. \$7.50

[Augustine Birrell in the *New Statesman*]

This diary of Joseph Farington is not obviously an attractive book to the general reader. It is an accumulated heap of recorded facts about a crowd of people just as the facts came to the knowledge of the diarist, who sets down what reaches his ears, without much comment. Of malice — that pleasant ingredient — there is hardly a trace, and of humor there is even less. The diarist seems to us to have been a colorless man, with a huge love of detail and of the small facts of life, coupled with a rare power of accurate and even intense external observation. Consequently when he describes a scene or a face he conveys the impression of being a trustworthy, because unromantic, witness.

This second volume begins with freshness and great vigor of description with a theme which, though well worn, is not likely for a long time to come to lose interest — that is, the incursion into France, after the Peace of Amiens, of a

crowd of English sightseers and tourists, kept hitherto at home by the war, but now all agog to gaze upon the 'Corsican Ogre' installed in the Tuilleries as First Consul. Among this crowd, dignified by the presence of Charles James Fox, the 'poet' Rogers, and the eloquent Erskine, came a number of Royal Academicians and artists, Fuseli, Opie, West, Turner, Flaxman, and our diarist himself. Good King George, who stayed at home, looked with disfavor on this somewhat vulgar making-up to our formidable and uncrushed foe, and attributing it to a restless democratic spirit, hostile to the British Constitution as he understood it, placed a black mark against the names of these gadabouts and hero-worshippers.

Farington was quite free from any excess of the democratic spirit, and was much disgusted at the 'low' appearance of the Frenchmen who jostled him even in the Louvre, then rich with the artistic loot of Europe; nor would he even admit that the French were a 'cheerful' people, though he had no doubt as to their 'volatility.' 'They act,' he says, 'like lightning. They act, and then think. The English think and then act.' Farington's account, rich in detail, of his five weeks' stay in Paris is exceedingly interesting. He saw whatever he could and kept his keen eye on the First Consul with a British stare. His descriptions of our great enemy are well worth careful study. On the whole he was much impressed with his demeanor and countenance, unlike the 'poet' Rogers, who declared himself disappointed, finding Napoleon too like 'a little Italian.' Farington was not actually introduced to the First Consul, and thus perhaps escaped the painful snub Erskine had to endure, who according to Trotter in his delightful *Memoirs of the Latter Years of Fox* was not recognized by Napoleon, who inquired of him, '*Êtes vous légitime?*'

If Farington's account of his visit to Paris is compared with Trotter's account of Fox in the same city, at the same time, and with Hazlitt's *Tour in France*, much matter for meditation will be supplied through very different channels of communication.

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